





This is another day! And flushed Hope walks Adown the sunward slopes with golden shoon. This is another day; and its young strength Is laid upon the quivering hills until, Tike Egypt's Mennon, they grow quick with song.

> BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS



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### THE FIFTY-CENT KIND

BY KATHARINE BAKER

There are times when the very best children develop criminal tendencies. And these were not the very best children. The School Board, indeed, had declared them the worst. Anyway, the time had come.

The mistress of the grammar grades had foreseen this moment occasionally on nervous days, but it was worse than her forecast.

"If I only had complete control of myself, the children might not be so bad," she reproached herself.

However, that could not be helped either. Her own teachers in the past had not had perfect self-control, nor perhaps theirs before them.

The children were bad. Nobody had any recess in the morning. They all had to stay in. And when they are bad in the morning the afternoon session looms ominous.

"If the next two classes do not recite better and behave better, we shall have to omit 'The Reds of the Midi,' " she announced.

Brief silence fell upon the school. The teacher read stories aloud on fortunate days. One more reading would finish the "Reds," and Easter holidays would begin tomorrow.

"Aw, please, they'll be good," remonstrated Samuel. Samuel was an oaf. The teacher had never really understood what an oaf might be until she met Samuel. He had a chronic grievance and roared with dissatisfaction at everything anyone said to him. The principal had frequently offered to suspend Samuel, and only the teacher's weakness for bad boys kept him in the school.

But he liked the "Reds." When the nuns and butchers danced thru the streets of Avignon, Samuel's little eyes snapped with interest. When the hero helped to make guillotines, Samuel's clumsy head craned forward on his heavy shoulders. To any ill-advised child who rustled or coughed, he turned a threatening face.

The teacher rang her bell.

"Sixth geography," she announced.

As the "Sixth" rose in their places, obstructing the view, a suppressed shriek was heard.

"Somebody shot water down my collar," the grocer's boy angrily justified himself.

The grocer's boy was a pale, thin little soul. He did not legally belong to the grocer, only industrially. All the little boys worked after hours and on holidays. Most of them bought their own clothes with what they earned this way.

"George, come here," the schoolmistress said severely to the boy behind, who was a telegraph boy out of hours.

But the telegraph boy with demoniacal astuteness had passed the water pistol to his "prochain ami" immediately after his nefarious act, and, thus journeying from hand to hand, it had disappeared. It took several minutes of the teacher's time to bring it to light again.

"I ought to keep you in after school," said the disgusted teacher.

But she did not want to stay in herself. She felt that without the safety-valve provided by the noon hour she might explode. So she stood the telegraph boy in a corner, which he did not mind in the least, as she very well knew.

While he wriggled in his corner, and Samuel displayed vast

ignorance of the boundaries of Russia, notes were passing to and fro in the back of the room. The teacher weakly pretended to ignore them. Soon the best little girls were whispering. This could not be ignored.

"Martha," warned the schoolmistress.

Martha was not one of the best, but she was incontestably one of the loudest. She stopped and bent her enchanting eyebrows at the tyrant.

"... on the south by Denmark," concluded Samuel hopefully, and sat down.

Martha resumed her whispering.

"Dismissed."

The geography class thundered to their seats. Classes were decidedly too short. There were ten or fifteen minute periods for lessons, and by night the teacher's head usually spun. Very likely the children's heads spun, too; but there was so little in theirs it could not mix things much.

"Martha, come here, please."

Martha, a black cloud overshadowing her arch little face with its impeccable coloring, moved slowly forward and stood by the chair of state.

"I spoil you, don't I, Marfa?" said the teacher fondly. "And so you won't do what I tell you."

Martha squirmed.

"I always want to do what you tell me to," she admitted, "but often I get so mad I can't."

"I sometimes have an inclination to eat you, Marfa," divulged the teacher, "beginning at your tan hair, and stopping only at your missing shoe buttons. But not today. You are not good enough to eat today."

Martha grinned appreciatively.

"Do you think you could be quiet until noon?" inquired the teacher.

And Martha promised.

"Probably I'm too easy," reflected the schoolmistress with misgivings. After all, she did not really care a cent for discipline, and the children were well aware of it. She wanted them to be clean, she wanted to improve their manners, and awaken their minds, and sometimes she had hopes of these things; but just now she remembered the warnings of the cynical old school director when she entered this experiment in psychology.

"They're young devils," said the director. "You've got to rule them with a rod of iron. No one's ever been able to man-

age them."

Probably he knew, too.

Anna Mixner, the professional tattletale, raised a signal. Her malicious black eyes snapped.

"Teacher, Jim Cole is reading a detecatif story."

Privately, the teacher would have been very glad to let sleeping dogs lie. She did not mind detective stories much, and she knew well how fortunate was Jim's preoccupation on such a day as this. But officially she had to take notice.

"James, please put away the story, and study your lessons," she suggested.

Jim burst into sudden fury.

"I wouldn't be a sneak like Anna Mixner," he said in stentorian tones. "I ain't reading any more than Sam Seaman. But Sam there, anything he does is all right."

This was horrid and unprincipled in Jim, because he himself was the teacher's pet, and knew it.

"Someone's always pickin' on me," began Sam, in the manner of a complaining hippopotamus.

But the teacher interrupted him. She was flaming indignation at her inopportune favorite.

"You two boys will stay after school," was all she said.

But James and Samuel subsided.

When the children had gone, Sam brought his "detecatif" story and laid it before her.

"I don't mind stories in their place, Samuel," she began, then glanced down at the colored frontispiece and hesitated.

A fainting woman in white reclined upon a sofa. "As the gigantic black flourished his knife above her, Henry rushed in, revolver in hand. 'Stop!' he commanded."

"The principal disapproves of these five-cent tales. He thinks they are—unsettling. He tells me to take them from you."

"'Tisn't mine," grumbled Samuel. "It belongs to Pop. You take it and he'll get after me to pay for it."

"Then, Samuel, please return it to your father at once." Samuel promised and departed. She turned to James.

James, his round, fresh face sulking above his childish blouse, stamped heavily up the aisle and stood beside the desk.

"How could you act so abominably when you know how I depend on you?" inquired the teacher in the sanctimonious voice of authority.

Her gaze fell on his hand, extended over her white blotter.

"Goodness, James! Look at your hand!" she exclaimed, dropping her grief-stricken tone.

He studied his huge, purple, dirt-encrusted fist. His face grew red as his hand.

"But you don't have to look after no horse," he murmured, defensively.

"No," she admitted, feeling that into such a chaos of negatives she might safely cast another. "I do have to manage a hateful mule sometimes, tho, now don't I?"

His gloom brightened at her brilliant witticism.

"Jimmy," she added, ingratiatingly, with her clean hand on his solid little shoulder, "I'm awfully hungry, and I can't keep you in without keeping myself in, too. Let's both go home now, and try to behave like human beings this afternoon."

But make what haste she might, she was a bit late returning. The principal stopped her as she hurried by his door. He was smiling broadly.

"Mrs. Seaman was here this morning," he said. "She wants Samuel to study French next term. She told me she spoke of it to Samuel, and asked him if you could teach it. And Samuel laughed her to scorn. He said you knew everything."

Well, that was gratifying. But how noisy the children were in that upper hall.

"If she'd come in this morning she'd have thought she was

in the zoo," confessed the teacher frankly. "They behaved like hyenas."

She flew up the stairs, snatching off her gloves.

"Hurry in, children," she urged.

They were whispering, giggling, jumping about. They followed her thru the door.

On her desk stood a tall gilt basket. It had an immense satin bow tied upon its handle. It was filled with candy, and in the middle reposed a huge chocolate egg, on whose surface a white china dove punctuated the teacher's name.

Eager, joyous little faces crowded around her.

"That's why we were so bad," explained Martha. She was hopping on and off the rung of the teacher's chair, shouting in the teacher's ear. "My mamma put the bow on."

"We were whispering about it," said Samuel, with the only smile she had ever seen on his injured countenance.

"Why, you darling children," said the teacher inarticulately.

All those shabby little suits surged around her, bought by their industrious little wearers; all those hard-earned pennies contributed with love to buy this for her—the teacher felt herself choking.

"It's perfectly beautiful," she assured them.

But they needed no assurance. They knew it.

"You're the best children in the world," asserted the teacher recklessly, "and it's the most beautiful basket. Let's simply rush thru our lessons and then we'll have time to finish 'The Reds of the Midi.'"

"Did you notice the dove?" inquired the emaciated grocer boy, with crafty nonchalance.

"Of course I did. The very first thing."

"I said to the woman, 'Aren't you forgetting the dove?" I reminded her. I said, 'Look here, there belongs a dove on that kind of an egg.'"

He paused and fingered the dove, then added in an off-hand manner, "They only come on the fifty-cent kind."

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#### ESSENTIALS AND NON-ESSENTIALS

PRESIDENT SOUTHWICK'S OPENING LECTURE TO THE STUDENTS

Some months ago one of my good friends, a preacher of the gospel and a man big in brain and heart, sent me a copy of one of his sermons entitled "Confessions of a Repentant Pacifist." He had been affected by the aberration prevalent in America a little while ago, and which included some very intelligent people among its victims. He wanted to make confession of his error, both for his own intellectual integrity and to clear the visions of those whom he had misled.

This morning I, too, wish to recant a heresy held for many years. I had believed that men and women display no essential change in character after the age of about twenty-five—that while they may often gather immense momentum, develop gifts almost unsuspected in early life, I believed that nothing evolves which was not involved by twenty-five, and that in character and life tendency what people are then they will be even to the end. I felt that everything that could be done to awaken appreciation, effect right choices, establish true tendencies, must be done before twenty-five, because thereafter it would be too late.

While I yield nothing in emphasis of the importance of those years of formation and awakening, I am persuaded my conclusion that character education finds its limit there is wrong. In less than two years I have seen a wondrous character change, not only in the young but in men and women of middle life and in the old, for if to open one's mind to a whole new range of ideas, to acquire a new estimate of the essential and non-essential and evolve a new set of choices—if this is a character change we as a people are in the midst of transformation, as sudden as it is marvelous. You may say that all these things were in us, involved in the individual and in the group; but a new combination of qualities produces a different product. The same chemical elements are in the white of an egg and the venom of a rattle-snake. The same beads remain in the kaleidoscope after it has been shaken, and yet how different is the pat-

tern. A titanic moral convulsion has shaken our people. We are showing a new pattern of Americanism and becoming a different and a better people.

How far off already seems the America of two years ago! While the noblest of the earth poured out their blood like water for the very principles upon which our Republic was founded and for which our fathers died, how these people looked at us across the seas and wondered at us, wondered how long we would sit tight, content to make money out of a world's catastrophe, to make merry with our trivialities while a British Navy was protecting our coasts and a thinning French line was holding the German horror from our homes. They wondered how long we would allow our principles to be flouted, our wives and babies murdered upon the high seas, our country as defenceless before a sudden onrush of relentless militarism as a cheese before a knife. They wondered how long we would fiddle while Rome burned and move no hand to fight the fight of civilization imperilled—our own no less than theirs. Does it seem credible we were like this but two short years ago, we who know today that we are in this war for our political and moral salvation!

How far away seem the ghosts of yesterday! How long it seems since we were sniffing the poison gas of a pacifism made chiefly in Germany, and which, mixing with a sentimental miasma all our own, had doped our intelligence into insensibility to national peril and international obligation. How faint and attenuated the strains of "I Did Not Raise My Boy to be a Soldier." Why, it seems as far off as the cry of "Sixteen to One" to a people who now realize in every fibre that the mother who wouldn't give her boy if needed to her country has no right to ask or accept the protection of the boy of a mother more intelligent and more patriotic. How difficult to sense that a few months since we gave ear to babblings about the unpardonable sin of shedding human blood, we who today feel in every heartbeat that liberty and justice and righteousness are dearer than peace, more sacred than life—that the blood of the wolf is not more precious than the blood of the lamb—and that the shedding of blood, denounced by sentimentalists as the blackest of sins, is transmuted into the whitest of virtues when shed that the innocent may live. How pale those ghosts of yesterday!

And the corner loafer, and the barnacle of a barroom, where are they? The corner is not so salubrious as it was before the "work or fight" ordinance, and the legislation we have passed is taking the barnacle from the barkeeper, the barkeeper from the barnacle, and the bar itself from both. These men are changed, if not in morals, yet in habits, and new habits grow new morals. And the gilded college loafer of yesterday, where is he? If he is not in khaki, he is feeling mighty lonesome; he is subdued thru need of much explaining. And the female of the species, the many-hued flapper of yesterday, where is she? Often that flapper of yesterday is today the sweetest and most devoted little worker in the army of the public good. And the woman who, having no conception of home-making as a business and a trust in which she is partner and conservator, gives over her children for others to rear and her home for servants to run -she, too, I fancy, is getting lonesome in a changing world.

The whole direction and emphasis of our life is changing before our eyes. Our feeling about our government and perhaps our very conception of it is undergoing transformation. majority of us had come to think of our government as a convenience for the individual, but expecting it to interfere very little with business and pleasures and restive if it did so. And we have even come to wonder if a government thus conceived and administered can really cope with a state like that of Germany—if there isn't something lacking. We have come to see that two ideas have been thinning the blood of 1776 and of 1861 —one of them a frankly assertive and rather selfish individualism that pays little reverence to the state and is exceeding jealous of personal rights, and the other a wishy-washy internationalism that thinks that the more nations there are living in America, and the more their tongues are taught in our common schools, their papers printed in their native languages, the more they retain traditions, customs, thoughts and sentimental allegiances to the country they came from and the less American they are, the more closely will America itself approach the Utopia of internationalism. Both of these ideals are hostile to a virile Americanism.

We have recovered, too, from our delusion of yesterday that the way to keep out of wars is to be unprepared for them. We know that we must be very much prepared, militantly, industrially, politically and spiritually. We are unlikely to loll back again into that complacent optimism that is willing to mend a roof only after the storm has burst upon it.

Yes, how far away are those ghosts of yesterday. How hard it is to realize we thought things that seem unthinkable. I have crossed the continent twice within a few months, and have talked with many people. I went away when America was in the war intellectually. I return when America is in the war spiritually. I notice the ever increasing solidarity of our people. It seems as if yesterday, especially in our great cities and centers of industry, we were a Babel of tongues and customs and allegiances, somewhat of a polyglot boarding-house. Today we are a nation. Yesterday our thousands of young men were rooting for their favorite ball team; today they are rooting for the United States; and today a generation of young manhood stands, half disciplined but alert, unquestioning, ready to give all they have and they are to that ideal

"So beautiful, so sacred Which in all time men who have hearts Adore by the great title of our mother country."

And the older generation, who no longer feel the surge of youth with its splendid recklessness that can hurl itself utterly into an action, who look with suspicion upon popular enthusiasms, they too have been swept by an emotion that is fusing our people in a common purpose. Today we rarely meet the young fellow who questions whether he can get out of it altogether, or secure some bomb-proof job far behind the lines, on the plea that he has flat feet but great executive ability. And his father? Yesterday, while we were in the war only intellectually, I found many a father whom I could see wanted his boy to serve his nation and help win the war, but he wanted him to do it in some

safe way or place—patriotism, of course, but safety first. Today he realizes wars are not won that way. *Somebody's* boy must pay. He knows it now and he does not flinch. We are in the war spiritually. The shock is testing our sanity, our capacity for sacrifice, our steadiness, our faith, and a new America is rising to meet the test august and indomitable.

And who will rule the America of tomorrow—of the next quarter of a century? As the soldiers of the Civil War shaped its destinies for the generation following Appomatox, those boys who wear the khaki, they will shape it. The millions of young Americans will shape it who have looked death in the face and not quailed, are hardened to labor as few men are hardened, inured to privation, have learned discipline, how to subordinate personal comforts and wishes, have separated the essential from the non-essential, who know the price of liberty, the spiritual democracy of equality, the deep heart of fraternity. They leave us boys. They will return men. And as they are the picked men of all our youth physically so will they be the picked men morally. They will be, as they should be, the masters of the America of tomorrow.

When these men enter into their inheritance what will they do? No man can make a program for them. But one or two things are clear, and they will be at the core of any program these men may plan. They know that the German menace to America will not end with the signing of the treaty of peace, for the menace is not merely in the mailed fist, but in Germany's system and singleness of purpose. With her marvelous scientific attainment and industrial efficiency she will be a menace after her armies are beaten. Even as we must fight Germany today, we must compete with her tomorrow.

These boys in khaki who will shape our nation for the next quarter of a century will never allow it to sink again into that condition of abject helplessness against sudden attack in which this war found us, when we had to improvise nearly everything while our Allies held off the foe and gave us time to do it. The buzzing pacifists who would have America become again even as a cheese before the knife, they will brush aside like flies. But they will see that a reasonable degree of military preparedness is only a beginning of a program to prepare America to meet the competition of a Germany which does not need to improvise either in war or in peace. And they will see that while our supreme need of unity in the hour of war can produce in a year or two in America a maximum of efficiency Germany secures this also in peace. They will see that the same solidarity created by the competition of war must be maintained if we would preserve our greatness in the competitions of peace. Our people of many strains must become spiritually united; must learn to think and to feel nationally, not at a particular time but all the time.

With faith there must be order—with liberty must be equality and fraternity. Russia had faith in liberty, but those who rode into power on the tide of revolution tolerated neither equality nor fraternity. Theirs was a class warfare; their wish a substitution of the undermost for the uppermost. Those who served were henceforth to rule—those who ruled, after being thoroly robbed of all they had, were to have no participation in the state to which they belonged. Our men have seen Russia humiliated, dismembered and paralized by the anarchy of liberty that knows not order. That America may stand victorious and assured before the Germanic idea they will make it safe under democracy, recognizing that with love of country must be order, that we must attain a clearer consciousness of the interrelation of industrial, social and political responsibilities, that thru all and in all there must be a fraternalism truly national. They will find means of developing an American solidarity so healthy that political anarchy and industrial chaos cannot live in it too sane to permit this eternal civil war of labor and capital. There must be an organization of American democracy no less coherent and efficient than the marvelous mechanism of autocracy with which it will compete in peace no less than in war. This is an essential.

Yes, these men in khaki will be the men to whose touch our future will be plastic. You will be their mates. Can you be

worthy partners? Can you make a distinct contribution all your own? Let us see.

First, can you see the difference in your personal life and in your student life between Essentials and Non-essentials? Our boys are learning that lesson and it will not be forgotten. Can you keep pace with them? Can one form new habits, change—even to the very transforming of this me? You may say, "Wherever I go, whatever I do, whatever companions I am with, I would be the same. The skies may change but not the soul." I used to believe that, but I believe it no longer. I have seen a nation's soul change, and within a few months. You have a choice of what kind of a soul you will grow. And the beginning of soul growth is in seeing and living the distinction between the essential and the non-essential.

With the child the non-essential is anything he doesn't want. The minute he wants it it is essential. Some very large children have not disciplined themselves to act this distinction even when they see it. We all seek happiness, and rightly so. There is no virtue in being miserable. Those who choose suffering do so because it makes them happy. A renunciation may be bitter, but he who sacrifices rises. In satisfying a demand of his soul The soldier who faces death will tell you that he is happy. he will get more out of life even though he lose it than to stay at home and know himself, and be known, as a slacker. mother will sit up all night with her sick child that another could sit up with just as well, because it brings more happiness to watch than to sleep. The farmer sweating in the sun is cheered by the vision of the full bin of plenty for fall and winter. He would find more temporary enjoyment lying over there in the shade beside the spring. All these can see the essential things.

What of the essentials and non-essentials in our problems here? First, education is essential—never so much so in the history of America. In a letter of last month the President of the United States wrote, "I am pleased to know that despite the unusual burdens imposed upon our people by the war, they have maintained their schools so nearly at their normal effi-

ciency. That this should be continued thruout the war, and that in so far as the draft law will permit there should be no falling off in attendance in elementary schools, high schools or colleges, is a matter of the very greatest importance, affecting both our strength in war and our national welfare and efficiency when the war is over."

But if education is of the essentials, is our particular kind of education, or any sort of art education, necessary? This very year we find many schools and colleges omitting or curtailing such studies in order that time and money may be used for things for which there is instant demand. The first and paramount necessity is to save civilization from the horror of the Hun, to make this world a safe place for decency. We must make room for, and we must stress every study that will help to win the war.

But a world war is an abnormality; nor can it last. And there is a possible danger that the stress we now lay, and ought to lay upon so-called practical studies, may give a trend and a twist to American education which we may not remedy quickly enough when the necessity for a somewhat one-sided and overbalanced utilitarian emphasis has ended. The momentum of a needed impetus may sweep to lengths unforeseen and undesired. All vices are virtues gone to seed. We must be watchful lest a disproportionate emphasis, the need of an hour, becomes a part of an educational philosophy. If we allow the materialistic over-balance to last beyond the war we will be drifting towards the national ideal of Germany rather than that of France. We might easily out-German the German, for we must not forget that Germany not only opens wide arms of hospitality to the art of other peoples, but to a far greater degree than ourselves has developed a distinct and national art which will remain her chief and perhaps her only glory when judged at the bar of History.

Are the arts non-essentials? Watch the pathetic struggle of Italy or of France to preserve her immortal art when the very existence of the nation was hanging in the balance. The cry of execration that went up when Louvain was destroyed or the

marvel of Rheims was deflowered was heard even above the death agony of the heroes who died defending them. Nor is this strange, for the world knows that human suffering is for the hour, while these are the treasuries of the centuries, the consummate flower of that civilization that has been developed so slowly and at such cost. Imagine the utter poverty of the world if all the work of Shakespeare, and Dante, and Homer, and Virgil, and Goethe, and Plato, and Raphael, and Angelo, of Da Vinci, and Rembrandt, of Beethoven and Mozart should suddenly be blotted out. The losses of this greatest and most destructive war of history pale before it. Material civilization destroyed will be replaced by the energy which produced it. The ravaged fields will again wave with grain. The blighted forests and orchards will be renewed. The mourners will soon be with those for whom their tears are shed, and the horror of today will be an heroic memory and a tragic monument in civilization's onward march from the shadow into the light. But could some catastrophe blot out forever the art and the memory of those who have been the inspiration of all who march, the seers of visions, the master spirits who have voiced the songs of the world's great heart, the artists who have translated life's meanings and fixed them in forms imperishable,—how irreparable, how unspeakable the desolation! If there be any essential it is that which feeds the immortal spirit—makes for permanent betterment of the human race. "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads," said Andrew Fletcher, "he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." The greatness a nation may achieve is in the measure of its spirit. The solidarity of France is not imposed by regulation and discipline. It is a supreme expression, welling up from the depths of a nation's heart. And what feeds those springs of emotion? "The Voices" of Joan of Arc; the epic-prose of the "Eagle of Corsica," the trumpet of Charles Martel, the example of Lafavette, the flaming Marseillaise. All these sang in the heart of the young soldier who when asked for what he was fighting, stooped, raised a sod to his lips, and whispered, "For France."

Is our work a luxury? Is the creation or conservation of art among the non-essentials? Even Germany would not say that. She is too intelligent. Her municipal orchestras, her endowed theatres, her love of letters, give a different answer. You will be feeding the aesthetic hungers of a people. And, more than that, you will be creating and preserving the sentiment of a nation out of which action is conceived and achievement born, and the purity and height of which mark the measure of its greatness. Our contribution is to a spiritual America, and if it does not lend skill to her hands it gives light to her eyes and warmth to her heart.

We must do today in education as in other ways the things which belong to today. We must stress and over-stress that which makes for material quantity-production and efficiency, just as we must buy Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps, make surgical dressings and speed up the output of destroyers and These are tools thru which a nation makes its spirit effective in action. They do not make its spirit; they express it. They are of the day. Soon we shall stop the speeding up of munition factories, and all the extraordinary emphasis of immediate material needs because we will have reached the goal towards which we are straining. Efficiency is not an end in itself-never can be an end. It is always efficiency for something. Efficiency is for life, not life for efficiency. The end of all education, scientific and humanistic, is life more abundant. And it must feed the hungers of the spirit even as it must store the mind and impart skill to the hand. And those men of ours who are coming back to us clearer in vision thru contact with civilizations older than our own will not, I am persuaded, fall short in providing an education that shall give America full equipment for world leadership in the competitive struggle which the issue of this war will not end. They will see how the art of Germany and her letters and her music have given her a place in the sun which was not won and which cannot be kept by her militarism. They will see that America must quicken and educate a truly national impulse to the liberal arts that shall lift her over the level of a mere cosmopolitan appreciation of art, and energize that impulse until it reaches and towers in an art that is national—an art distinctly and vibrantly expressing what America is, and wants to be, and expects to be. And this is essential.

Now I will speak of another essential for the winning of our personal victories here over our conditions, and right within ourselves. We have come to see that our army over there can win only if and when our whole people is behind it and giving to it every possible support. We have recovered from our delusion that we are fighting a German military caste that has forced its arrogant will upon an unwilling people. We know today that the German army is the German nation. We know that France has held so long against such fearful odds because the might of her armies is the might of all her people. All French hearts are beating as one. England came more slowly to realize she could win only when every back bent to the stroke. America, detached by her isolation, highly and assertively individualistic, startled out of her complacent optimism, dazed by the sudden call to drop her myriad activities and pleasures, is learning the lesson even more slowly, and yet every passing hour is an hour of growth in national solidarity. Men of all degrees and conditions are coming to know and to trust one another in the common brotherhood of American citizenship in service. And the lesson once learned will not soon be forgotten that the measure of the unity of a people is the measure of its strength, that solidarity wins the victories of peace not less than those of war. And the man who does for others does for himself—whether he intended it or not, and the more he does the more he helps himself. The reaction is as inevitable, although not always as direct, as that of a return-ball.

In the face of the lesson painted large on the great canvas of a world's tragedy do I need to tell you students today that teamwork, class spirit, the vital consciousness of all for each and each for all, are essentials and not merely pleasant sentiments? Do I need tell you that the student who is for himself and not for his college and his class is preparing for his own failure and giving aid and comfort to the enemy? He is a slacker, an

undesirable citizen, and every school would welcome his departure.

As for the student himself, not only is he utterly out of touch with the spirit of today, which is the spirit of service, but is foredoomed to failure in work such as ours. Oratory is inevitably a social matter; dramatic art in its very nature is taking on the viewpoint and feeling the heart beat of another. As for teaching, there can be no success unless one teaches more than his subject. He must teach his pupil, and to do that he must have a sympathetic insight of his possibilities. One thing only interests all human beings always and that is the human being himself. To interest him we must know him-must feel with him. Even in advertising goods we will fall far short of the result desired if we say too much about ourselves and our goods and not enough about the consumer of our goods. Too much advertising is printed about the I of the advertiser and too little about the YOU of the purchaser. You cannot reach people until you make them know you understand their needs and can serve them. You cannot expect to influence people until you do something for them. You will have no great following unless you give-ves, until it hurts. Not selfdom but otherdom is wisdom. The will to serve is an essential.

We are urged by our government to lessen our use of nonessentials and wherever possible to eliminate them. We know it is right to do so. And we know that the thought and will we are putting upon this task taken upon us to meet a nation's need will be a reforming and a beneficent influence upon ourselves—bread cast upon the waters which will come back in manifold blessings. Today the man may wear his last year's coat and the woman make over her last year's hat, not only without apologizing, but conscious that we like them better for doing it. If we sit in rooms heated to sixty-eight degrees instead of stewing ourselves to flabbiness in rooms heated to eighty-two we know we not only serve the ships on their mission of a world's salvation, but are achieving our own physical salvation at the same time. If we go without our sweets that those may have them who need them more we are rewarded in

better digestions and reduced dentistry. We are healthier for our new-found habits. If our women cannot get household help, or elect to do without a servant, their own domestic efficiency is a by-product of the saving. If we save for the nation we save for ourselves, because we are the nation. And let us learn to save, not because we love money but because we despise waste. Whatever may be said of us in derision as a nation of dollarchasers we need to chase them because they run away from us so fast. The most unmitigated curse of the United States is lack of thrift. Save a bit, tho it may be a very small one, of every dollar you get is a rule of thumb, but it is the measure of personal security and future happiness. No, don't answer that you need every cent to live upon, for out of ten such answers at least nine will be untrue. They will be the answers of people who have not studied what is possible to save. Be generous as it is possible to be. We all despise a tightwad; but to escape being a tightwad it is not necessary to be a fool.

While my mind is upon it I might speak of many old-time student wastes of money on that which could be done without just as well. We all need relaxation and amusement. would be poorer in mind and in spirit without it, less effective in our student life itself. But while the principle is an essential, ninety per cent of the opportunities seized upon for its application may belong to the non-essential. For example, a program that assumes that every other evening must be spent in some theatre or dance asylum is as wasteful as it is silly. Let us learn in peace as in war to despise waste. And then there are all those wastes of opportunity—the cutting of this class and of that lecture, the wasting of time of others, and the allowing of others to waste our time on endless non-essentials that next week or next day would mean nothing whatever to us or to any human being. If you have an acquaintance who has still the child's mentality which considers the essential to be whatever she wants drop her if you can't educate her, for that sort of thing is more contagious than the measles, and infinitely more harmful to the constitution.

But I do not want to talk longer about non-essentials. If

we as students fix our minds upon the essentials—just as our boys are doing—just as the whole nation is learning to do—the non-essentials die of their own insignificance. "The half gods go when the gods appear." To choke out weeds plant grass. Before a vitalized consciousness of the essential the nonsignificant shrinks into the shade.

Students, you are preparing a contribution to the life of a nation at once awakened and sobered as it has not been awakened and sobered in your life time nor yet in mine-a nation that is thinking of the essentials as it has not been thinking in years. Think ye on these things. It is my plea that you begin this session thinking on them, and so continue, and if you do vou will leave Emerson College mightier personalities, mightier powers for success and service and influence than any in the long procession of your worthy predecessors. It is fortunate that you are studying in the year 1918. Never were the conditions for the fullest self-realization so easy, nor the inspiration so high. Examples and incentives are all about you. Sacrifice, service, high purpose are in the air you breathe. They are the sounding notes of today. If you heed them not you will find yourself in the limbo of toys discarded and forgotten.

Meanwhile the soldier boys you have played with, and flirted with, and danced with are protecting your homes, your honor and your lives. And they are the boys whom you will marry by and by, and you must realize they will come back far greater than they marched away. They are not dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of war. This war to them means chivalry but not romance. They have few illusions. They know that it is a reeking job that must be done, just as carrying off the city's garbage is a job that must be done. Love of dollars, or pleasures, or ease are small things when weighed against the imperatives of their own manhood. They know that an old order is passing away, and are preparing for the greater to be. And they are writing their names in the autograph album of History,—these picked men who will come back and shape the destinies of this country. You will be their wives and their partners. Can you

rise to their level? Can you begin right here and grow a deeper earnestness, and a simpler sincerity, a more ready sacrifice, a sweeter considerateness? Can you warm to a more ardent team work and have a swifter eye to see another's need—not the need of the far away sort but the need of the one who is right next to you? Can you keep a firmer hold upon the big issues—the things essential?

As you grow in your womanhood and in the depth and height of your art, you, who know that efficiency is not the life of a nation but merely for its Life-Life ever the containing word and the essential goal-it will be your opportunity to influence the very quality of American thinking. It will be your mission to see that American education is made warm and rich in the humanities, to temper a civilization, which might emphasize over-much the material and mechanical and utilitarian, with a deeper appreciation of the ministry of great art to the human spirit, with a more intimate contact with those immortals who have held high the torch that has guided Civilization's upward march. It is for you to marry Beauty with Efficiency, and with Justice Truth. It is your high privilege to sing the songs of a people—perhaps to make them—and thus by quickening and deepening the sentiment of a nation's heart effect the quality of its living, for as a people thinketh in its heart so is it. As it is the call of our boys to save the homes of America, it is your call to make them sweet, to brighten and dignify daily living with your culture and appreciations and your splendid womanhood.

You are equipping yourselves for life and service in a great hour when every man and every woman has an opportunity to justify himself before his own soul. Young women of Emerson, will ye fail?

Are you interested in Emerson Students?—their activities, their organizations, their daily exercises, their little social events? Send for your copy of the magazine.

# The Poet's Corner

In his lecture on "The Psychology of the American Soldier," Captain Allen A. Stockdale, of the American Red Cross, Base Hospital No. 1, Bellevue Unit, A. E. F., quoted from several of his poems. Captain Stockdale has very kindly allowed us to print the following three poems that our Alumni may enjoy them with us.

#### SOLDIER SMILES

You may talk of Kings and Princes
And the glory of their show;
You may sing of Knights and Ladies,
In the days of long ago:
You may paint a vivid picture,
Of the wonder worlds to see,
But the smiles on soldier faces
Look the best of all to me.

They are gassed, and shelled, and tortured,
They are muddy, thin and weak;
They are shocked and shot and shattered,
And you marvel when they speak:
They will give their all in battle,
That the world may sure be free,
And their smiles amidst their sorrows,
Are the miracles to see.

They have smiled since they were babies;
Laugh and love have been their charms:
And their smiles grew patriotic,
When their country called to arms;
They go laughing to the trenches,
Filling fighting lines with glee,
And with smiles they come back wounded;
Those are smiles that puzzle me.

Kings and Kaisers may be mighty,
As the bloody brutes of war:
They may use the worst of weapons,
Never known nor dreamed before;
But they're sure to meet disaster,
Over land and on the sea;
For the soldiers of the Allies,
Fight and smile the whole world free.

#### WHEN THE JAZZ BAND PLAYS

They were just a bunch of Buddies,
They were wounded, they were gassed,
They had come from fighting Boches
In the woods where they had massed.

They were used to guns of thunder
And the whine of shot and shell,
They had been where men were dying,
In a bloody battle hell.

But the thoughts of home came quickly
And a thousand pictures made,
For America drew nearer
In the tunes the Jazz Band played.

Jazz may not be high-brow music, Some may call it only noise, But it beats the ancient classics When you want to cheer the boys.

There's a soul-bewitching power,
And a stirring spell that comes
In the lifting "pep" and spirit
And the batter of the drums.

Bloody fields are quite forgotten, Sure no other music has Half the balming, healing, cheering Of a good old "peppy" Jazz.

Send the Jazz band with the Buddies, Patriotic "zip" it has; Never shall the Boches triumph Over Buddie and his Jazz.

#### RED CROSS HOME SERVICE

While you fight the Boches, Buddie,
With a dash that dares to die,
You can drop your home cares, Buddie,
Listen, while I tell you why.
All your Yankee land is with you,
Don't forget it, Buddie boy;
They will care for wife or mother,
Father, sweetheart, sister, brother,
Business cares or any other,
And will count it all a joy.

Trust us with your story, Buddie—
We can tackle anything,
Tell us—then forget it, Buddie,
Drop your worries, start to sing,
While you fight to beat the Kaiser,
We remember, Buddie boy,
That your task is quite enough, sir,
And your days are hard and rough, sir,
But we know you've got the stuff, sir,
We can trust you, Buddie boy.

Let us know your deep wish, Buddie,
For our hearts are tender too.
We have ways of helping, Buddie,
Which we want to use for you.
Friends at home are waiting, ready,
For your worries, Buddie boy,
Thru the Paris Office, right, sir,
On to home by day or night, sir,
While you're free to win your fight, sir,
Every power we'll employ.

Home is dearer to you, Buddie,

Than the stretch of foreign land.

You would have a hard heart, Buddie,

If your home thoughts lost command.

But you can't do both, remember!

You're a soldier, Buddie boy,

Let us take your distant cares, sir,

Quickly solve them unawares, sir,

While the world its peace prepares, sir,

By your victory, Buddie boy.

#### THIS IS ANOTHER DAY

I am mine own priest, and I shrive myself
Of all wasted yesterdays. Tho sin
And sloth and foolishness, and all ill weeds
Of error, evil, and neglect grow rank
And ugly there. I dare forgive myself
That error, sin, and sloth and foolishness.
God knows that yesterday I played the fool;
God knows that yesterday I played the knave;
But shall I therefore cloud the new dawn o'er
With fog of futile sighs and vain regrets?

This is another day! And flushed Hope walks Adown the sunward slopes with golden shoon. This is another day; and its young strength Is laid upon the quivering hills until, Like Egypt's Memnon, they grow quick with song. This is another day, and the bold world Leaps up and grasps its light, and laughs, as leapt Prometheus up and wrenched the fire from Zeus. This is another day—are its eyes blurred With maudlin grief for any wasted past? A thousand, thousand failures shall not daunt. Lest dust clasp dust; death, death—I am alive! And out of all the dust and death of mine Old selves I dare to lift a singing heart And living faith; my spirit dares drink deep Of the red mirth mantling in the cup of morn.

#### MY WAGE

I bargained with Life for a penny And Life would pay no more, However I begged at evening When I counted my scanty store;

For Life is a just employer,

He gives you what you ask,
But once you have set the wages,
Why, you must bear the task!

I worked for a menial's hire
Only to learn, dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life
Life would have paid.

-Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

## MID OCEAN—AFTER A STORM

White clouds that muse, drowsed in the morning light— Ethereal fragments from the wind-swept night; In the boat's wake each billow's ebbing crest Shot through with colors like the rainbow's breast.

No fringe of land to blot the boundless view; A world of water, domed with tranquil blue; And mystery wedded to melodious art, In the soft beating of the ocean's heart.

-William H. Hayne.

# The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

#### EDITORIAL STAFF

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OUR

It was the editor's privilege a few weeks ago to
SERVICE attend a large and enthusiastic meeting of the
PAGE Emerson College Young Women's Christian Association, at which time we heard interesting reports

as to the whereabouts of our former classmates who are now in the service. The following is a partial list, and from time to time as the welcome bits of news arrive from the various camps here and "over there," we will pass them on to our readers via the Service Page.

Joseph Gifford, Second Lieutenant, with an Aeroplane Corps in southern France,

Joseph Connor, Sergeant in Base Hospital at Staten Island, New York,

Merrill Marvin, Mechanic with Aviation Department, somewhere in France,

Francis McCabe, Sergeant at Gatesburg Airdome in England, preparing to leave for Aviation Corps in France,

Fred Hubbard, with the Signal Corps of the U.S. Army in France,

Lawrence Smith, Assistant Chaplain somewhere in France, Bernard A. Rogers, Officers' Material School, Bumkin Island, Boston Harbor. HOW TO Concentration: Put your whole mind on what STUDY you are doing. Concentration is the finest time-saver and the best road to learning that has ever been discovered.

Where: Study in the quietest room and the best light you can get. Daylight is much better than artificial light. If you must study in the evening, let the light shine on your page over your left shoulder. Be sure your study room is well ventilated.

How: Have your tools ready. It wastes time to run around for paper, pen, pencils, or books after you have started work.

When: Study when you are rested. Wait a little while after meals. If you attend recitations in the morning, you can probably study best between three and five or between four and six in the afternoon. The next best time is between seven and nine in the evening. You are usually wasting time when you study after ten o'clock.

(From the Handbook of the Washington Irving High School for Girls, New York City.)

The Emerson College Magazine Banner awarded each year to the organization obtaining the greatest number of advertisements for the magazine, was won by Kappa Gamma Chi, and presented by President Southwick. At the same time President Southwick expressed the gratitude of the management for a Liberty Bond which was the gift of Kappa Gamma Chi to the college.

Emerson College went over the top in the Fourth Liberty Loan with a subscription of twelve hundred dollars.

Are you interested in the Art of Interpretation?—its teachers and readers, its ideas and methods, general news of the speaking profession, the best cuttings for platform work? Then subscribe for the EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE.



Immediately upon the close of school, President Southwick entered upon his tour of the western states, filling engagements in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, North Dakota, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, New Mexico, Arkansas and Tennessee. Upon his return President and Mrs. Southwick filled their usual positions teaching in the summer school at the University of Tennessee with an unusually large department.

Dean Ross spent the greater part of the summer months at his summer home in the White Mountains.

Everyone is very glad to welcome Dr. Ward back to Emerson. Mrs. Willard held the position of House Mother at Sargent Camp in Peterboro, New Hampshire, as usual during the vacation.

Mr. Tripp conducted the Emerson College Summer School with Miss Smith and Miss Elizabeth White, '09, as teachers.

Miss Penick substituted for Mrs. Frances Sayre at the Copley-Plaza, October thirty-first, at a patriotic assembly.

On September twenty-sixth President Southwick gave his opening address to the old and new students of Emerson College. The lecture is reproduced in full in the earlier pages of the magazine.

Mr. Kenney was greeted very enthusiastically on September twenty-seventh, when he spoke to us just before leaving to take charge of one of the Relic Trains sent out by the United States Government.

Dr. Allen O. Stockdale, recently returned from overseas service, gave a most inspiring lecture on October third. His

subject, "The Psychology of the American Soldier," was presented so forcefully and vividly that all who listened received an added stimulus to their efforts. The original poems which Dr. Stockdale presented appear in the Poets' Corner in this issue of the magazine.

On the thirty-first of October, Miss Penick gave a delightful lecture-recital based on the dialect of the Southern negro.

Mr. Henry Laurence Southwick announces his nineteenth annual course of interpretative recitals to be presented in Huntington Chambers Hall, Wednesday evenings, beginning October twenty-third, at eight o'clock. The series this year will be devoted to the plays of William Shakespeare.

# Program

October 23—"Twelfth Night"

Henry Laurence Southwick

October 30-"Much Ado About Nothing"

Maud Gatchell Hicks

November 6-"Othello"

Agnes Knox Black

November 13—"King Henry the Fourth" (Part 1)

Walter Bradley Tripp

November 20—"The Winter's Tale"

Elvie Burnett Willard

December 4-"Macbeth"

Jessie Eldridge Southwick

Are you interested in your Old Classmates?—their locations, their professional successes, their speeches and articles and stories, their great struggle for Emersonian independence? Then send in your subscription for the Emerson College Magazine.

# STUDENT

### STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

At the first meeting of the Students' Association, held October twenty-fifth, it was voted to present the Liberty Bond purchased during the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive to the college, the bond to be used in whatever way the faculty think advisable.

The Emerson College Song Books are now ready for distribution. These books are a compilation of both old and new Emerson songs with the music, and will be mailed upon receipt of twenty-five cents and postage. Application for books should be made to the Students' Supply Company, Emerson College of Oratory.

#### YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

A very interesting and successful meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held October twenty-fifth, at which Dr. Guthrie, who has recently returned from France, was a speaker. Miss Russey extended most cordial greetings to all, and a musical program followed. Tea was served and a social hour enjoyed by everyone.

Hallowe'en was celebrated by the Young Women's Christian Association on the afternoon of October thirty-first. Mrs. Bornstein read a paper on the origin of Hallowe'en and special music was enjoyed. After the program the customary games of Hallowe'en were played.

#### SOUTHERN CLUB

The Southern Club of Emerson College held the first meeting of the year October second. Very interesting talks were given by Dean Ross and Miss Penick, after which plans for the new year were discussed. Sara Mae McKenna of Louisiana was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the club.

The Southern Club announces the marriage of its president, Jeannette Warsharsky of Forest City, Arkansas, to Cadet Martin Bornstein of Roxbury, Massachusetts. The marriage took place June thirteenth in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Carolyn Vance of Georgia and Helen Sayles of Texas spent the summer vacation in New England.

The many friends of Lucile Withers, of Atlanta, Georgia, regret to learn that she is not able to return to college because of illness.

Muriel Phillips is teaching at her home in Conway, Texas.

Emerson has enrolled the following new Southerners this year: Hazel Davis, West Virginia; Kathleen Pate, Georgia; Lucile Page, North Carolina; Nan Olief, Georgia; Mary Glenn Phillips, Virginia; Wilma Turner, Georgia; and Fayme Meyer, Texas.

#### CANADIAN CLUB

At the first meeting of the Canadian Club the following officers were elected:

President . . . Vera Blandford Secretary . . . Pearl Atkinson

Treasurer . . . Winifred Symington Reporter . . . Marguerite Porter

Marguerite Porter filled several reading engagements in Chipman, New Brunswick, during the summer.

Vera Blandford was in charge of a playground in Hamilton, Ontario, during the holidays, teaching pantomime, folk-dancing and gymnasium.

#### DEBATING CLUB

The Girls' Debating Club of Emerson College have elected the following officers:

President . . . Bernice Caswell
Vice-President . . Freida Viljoen
Secretary . . . Olive Le Fevre
Treasurer . . . Esther Cohen

Executive Committee . Marion Kenney, Naomi

Williams and Lou Greene

Honorary Adviser . Miss Penick

The object of the club is to promote interest in debating, and to furnish a social diversity for its members. It is quite probable that an interscholastic debate will be held during the year with one or more institutions in or about Boston.

#### SENIOR

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, Beatrice Talmas read to the soldiers and sailors at Newport, Block Island; Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Portland, Maine; New London and Camp Devens.

Oahlie Hubbard spent the summer at the Sargent Camp, Peterboro, New Hampshire.

Helen Lynch filled a position at the Harvard Library during the summer.

Grace Pitman coached the dances for a Fourth of July pageant entitled "Columbia Calls," at Hopewell, Virginia.

Helen Sayles had charge of the dramatic work in the vacation school at Waltham during the summer months.

Frances Russey, Marguerite Fox, and Ruth Levin gave two benefit programs, one in Fitzwilliam, and the other in Richmond, New Hampshire.

Zilpha Josephine Johnson spent a most enjoyable summer in playground and communital work in Roxbury, under the supervision of the Boston Friends Church. Lillian Lewis read recently at the Young Women's Christian Association, Beacon Street.

During the first part of the summer Sylvia Folsom did settlement work at the Spring Street Neighborhood House in New York City. Later she devoted her time to farming in Halifax.

Ethel Duncan spent fourteen weeks on the Swarthmore Chautauqua Circuit, working with the Junior Chautauqua in Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, New York, Delaware, and Maryland.

Sue Phillips coached a play at Falmouth Heights for the benefit of the American Fund for French wounded.

Mable Thresher, Mina Harrison, and Florence Cutting presented a program at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for the benefit of the Red Cross.

During the summer Mary Mahon coached "The Hoodoo" at Concord.

Imogene Hogle devoted the summer to settlement work in the Elizabeth Peabody House, attending the lectures given at the government school for war camp activities in the school for social workers.

Olive Lefevre acted as a member of the entertainment committee for the Red Cross and coached several plays at Newpalty, New Hampshire.

Louise Powers read at the submarine base at New London recently.

Carolyn Vance and Imogene Hogle were among those who took the English course at the Harvard Summer School.

During the summer Carolyn Vance gave readings at the Sailors' Haven, Chelsea, Watertown, Wellington, Melrose, Weston, and Brookline, New Hampshire.

#### JUNIOR

Beryl Van Natta presented programs for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and at a Thrift Stamp meeting in Lambertville, New Jersey, during the summer.

Katherine Perry spent a month at the Sargent Camp at Peterboro, New Hampshire.

Gladys Leahan read at the Mechanicsville High School in New York recently.

#### SOPHOMORE

In the role of a "farmerette" Marion Thomas performed her patriotic bit at Turners Falls this summer.

Jessie Southwick danced August thirteenth in an entertainment given for the Radio boys of Cambridge.

A pupil of Katherine Capron won a prize in a contest held in Boonville, New York.

Polly Collins read in Arlington July fourth.

#### FRESHMAN

The following officers of the Freshman class have been elected:

President . . . Lucile Page
Vice-President . . . June Clemens
Secretary . . . Anne Williams
Treasurer . . . Cassie Bentley

# SORORITIES

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa Gammi Chi sincerely welcomes both old and new Emersonians.

The new Chapter House has been opened at 39 St. Stephen Street

Lucile Husling read at the Naval Officers' Club in Minneapolis and at a camp in Fargo, North Dakota.

Mrs. Mary Crosthwaite is spending the winter in Boston with her daughter, Isabel Goheen

Ethel Berner attended the summer school at Boston University.

An informal tea was held at the Chapter House, Sunday, October sixth.

Ruth Parker gave several programs in Pittsfield during the summer.

Miss Lois Teal, and Miss Jessie Smith, '16, were recent visitors at the Chapter House.

Miss Arline Caverly was the guest of her sister, Millis Caverly, over the weekend of October thirteenth.

Elizabeth Field is filling a government position in Washington, D. C.

Kappa Gamma Chi and friends were the guests of Ruth Parker at Wollaston October eighth.

Ethel Berner read at Brookline, Cambridge and Charlestown during the summer.

Isabel Goheen presented programs at State College and Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Kappa Gamma Chi welcomes the following new members: Ethel Duncan, Carolyn Vance, Vera Blandford, Agnes Mahoney, Helen Sayles, Marion Thomas, Helen Lynch, Gladys Teahan, Myra Marsh, Leila Watson, and Margaret Strunk.

#### ZETA PHI ETA

Alpha Chapter of Zeta Phi Eta extends warmest greetings to all old and new Emersonians.

We are happy to have with us this year Katherine Smith of Epsilon, Brenan College, Gainesville, Georgia.

Zeta Phi Eta takes pleasure in announcing the names of her new members: Frieda Viljoen, Geraldine McGauhan, Ethel Kelly, Lucile Morris, Evelyn Stephens, Frances Shulze and Ella Marie Williams.

Sylvia Folsom was engaged in settlement work in New York City during the summer vacation.

Callie Calloway and Rosemary Hilton spent the summer in government service.

On Saturday, November second, Zeta Phi Eta held open house for the faculty and students of Emerson College, at which time Alpha celebrated the establishment of the Chapter House at 16 Exeter Street.

#### PHI MU GAMMA

Phi Mu Gamma extends hearty greetings to all Emersonians and will be pleased to welcome them at the new Chapter House, 68 St. Stephen Street.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Ruth McCleary Hubbs to Thomas Fitzgerald.

Of last year's girls, those engaged in war work are Edith MacCulley, Mary Griffin, Katharine McCormick, and Ellen Lombard.

Those having teaching positions are Harriet Fancher, Helen Ford, Margaret Newell and Ethel Caine.

Helen Carter is engaged in community organizations work.

During the summer Madaline McNamara did community kitchen work, Red Cross and playground work.

Mrs. Thomas Fitzgerald was employed in Washington in "Hoover's Kitchen."

Imogene Hogle spent the summer at the Elizabeth Peabody Settlement House.

Phi Mu Gamma welcomes the following new members: Katherine Capron, Helena Collins, Polly Collins, Marion Hawthorne, Helen Gad, Hilda Loersch, Jessie Southwick, Grace Sickles, Solveig Winslow and Gretchen Dillenbeck.

Mary Helen Hynes is conducting a successful studio at Washington, Georgia.

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## ALUMNI NOTES

- '98. Walter B. Swift, A.B., S.B., M.D., of Boston, has just been appointed Consultation Expert for Speech Defects to the Division of Medical Inspection of the Public Schools of Cleveland, Ohio. He is engaged in installing methods in speech correction by directing teachers in speech correction classes.
- '11. Erma Tubbs Gannon filled many successful engagements in St. Louis during the summer.
- '12. Neva Ferne Walter has scored a decided success as children's entertainer. As a teacher of children, Miss Walter acquired a thoro knowledge of their psychology and of the things that amuse, interest, and entertain them, enabling her to render peerless portrayals of the spirit of childhood in song, story, and impersonation.
- '14. Florence Newbold is teaching at the Chatham Episcopal Institute in Chatham, Virginia.
- '15. Ethel Bailey is filling a position in Virginia, Minnesota.
- '15. Helen L. George has accepted a position at Montclair Academy, Montclair, New Jersey.
- '15. Mattie Lyon is doing a splendid and successful work at Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pennsylvania.
- **'16.** Ruth White is now teaching in the Women's College, Athens, Alabama.

- '17. Mildred Little has charge of the Expression Department at Irving College, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.
- '17. Helen Bartel holds a position in Ashley Hall, Charlestown, South Carolina.
- '17. Margaret Scureman has been accepted for Canteen service in France, and is at home awaiting her call.
- '17. Elizabeth Ellis is Acting Secretary for the Red Cross, developing Home Service work in various Red Cross chapters.

# '17. Frederica Magnus writes:

"This has been a very busy year. I have had a splendid class, and with some war work my hands have been full. But no matter how busy I am my heart is still rejoicing because of my Emerson training."

In June, Miss Magnus presented "Holly Tree Inn" and a pantomime, "The Dream Fairy," with great success at the Central High School in Memphis, Tennessee.

- '18. Mr. and Mrs. George G. McCormick announce the marriage of their daughter, Catharine Kezia, to George Arthur Porte Brickenden, Royal Air Force, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of October, in London, Ontario.
- '18. Ruth Levin has charge of the dramatic work in the High School in West Rutland, Vermont.
- '18. Marguerite Fox is teaching in Maynard, Massachusetts.
- '18. Elizabeth Tack has a position in the Expression Department of Bessie Tift College, Forsyth, Georgia.
- '18. Jane Beynon is teaching English and Expression in The Spelman Seminary in Atlanta, Georgia.
- '18. Dorothy Mitchell is engaged in war work in Yonkers, New York.
- '18. May Elliott is teaching in Pikeville, Kentucky, where she is also conducting a studio for private pupils.

- '18. Marguerite Brodeur is teaching in the High School in Gonzales, Texas.
- '18. Bernice Duggan has a position in the College of Industrial Arts, Danton, Texas.
- '18. Helen Guild has accepted a position at Brenan College, Gainesville, Georgia.
- '18. Neva Wright has charge of the departments of Expression and Physical Culture in Virginia College, Roanoke, Virginia.
- '18. Samuel Kern has accepted a position at the New York State School of Agriculture at Long Island, New York.
- '18. Ethel Caine is teaching at Bishopthorpe Manor, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
- '18. Harriet Fancher has a position in the High School in Oxford, New York.
- '18. Helen Ford is in charge of the Expression Department at Stanstead Wesleyan Seminary, Stanstead, Quebec.
- '18. Anne Fowler is teaching at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Massachusetts.
- '18. Fay Goodfellow has accepted a position at the Walnut Lane School in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- '18. Margaret Newell is assisting Miss Veroqua Petty, '11, in New Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia.
- '18. Melba Rhodes is teaching at Miss Harris' Tourists' School in Miami, Florida.
- '18. Barbara Wellington holds a position in St. Margaret's College in Toronto, Canada.

- '18. Marjorie Will is conducting a studio in San Antonio, Texas.
- '18. Lieutenant Joseph Gifford is in service in France.
- '18. Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Pinkerton announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret Gail, to Mr. Elmore G. Heisel, on September tenth, at Peoria, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Heisel are at home at Pekin, Illinois.
- '18. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison C. Darnell announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Bernard Chancellor Clansen, Acting Chaplain United States Navy, Monday, August fifth, at Waynetown, Indiana.

# BORROWED WINGS

In the little house all day
I go to and fro.
Once I used to fly away,
And sing, and dance, and blow
Up the hill-roads, down the brooks,
Somewhat free and proud,
Or scribble rimes in secret books,
Wrought from wind and cloud.

In the little house all day
I go up and down.
I have hardly time to say
My prayers, or trade in town!
Curly-top and wonder-eyes!
Wild white butterfly!
While your laughter shines and flies,
What need for wings have I?

-Fannie Stearns Gifford.

# AT THE CROSS ROADS

He was a little Belgian lad
Whom war had somehow failed to mar.
Almost a baby face he had,
Bewildered now and vaguely sad.
"Where are you going in the wind
And rain? And must you travel far?"
He said, "I've started out to find
The country where the mothers are."

-Grace Hazard Conkling.

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS.
GENTLEMEN:-
$\begin{array}{c} \text{Inclosed please find} & \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Check} \\ \textit{P. O. Order} \end{array} \right. \text{ to the amount} \\ \textit{Cash} \end{array}$
of ONE DOLLAR (\$1) to cover the amount of my sub-
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seven monthly issues comprising the season 1918-19.
~
Signed
Addragg



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# THE MAN WHO HATED CHRISTMAS

BY EDITH BARNARD DELANO

It was Christmas Eve, and snowing, and the afternoon was wearing itself away toward a bleak twilight which needed every bit of Christmas cheer that there was in the air to make it endurable. The snow was not of the proper Christmas variety at all; it was wet and melted as it fell, leaving the pavements a glistening succession of skating-rinks and dissolving itself by the aid of the east wind into the very marrow of people's bones: Men and women, and even excited children, shivered as they hurried along with their arms full of bundles hugged close under umbrellas that had to be held down over faces, to be any protection at all. The street lamps were lighted two hours before the time which the almanac gave as the hour of sunset; their pale yellow glow seemed rather to deepen the gloom than to lighten it, and their rays, unable to pierce the fog of wet snow, broke into oddly shaped sparkles and flashes and gleams on the wet mud of the streets and the surfaces of passing vehicles, on the rubber capes of policemen and the shining tops of umbrellas.

Inside of one of the towering buildings whose windows were

already an unbroken succession of squares of light against the dim surfaces of the walls, little Miss Hallam, passing one of the big panes of plate-glass on her way to the president's desk, looked out and saw that a horse had fallen at the corner of the street below, and was jerking and slipping in its efforts to rise; but not even the animal's struggles drew the attention of the shivering, slipping crowds passing along the sidewalks. Little Miss Hallam shivered, as though she were out in the bleakness; but the atmosphere of the president's office was far from bleak. Heated air was driven into it from one point, cool fresh air from another; and from a third there was drawn away the air which had been sufficiently breathed. Moreover the room was fitted with every possible detail of luxury. Yet little Miss Hallam shivered, and was conscious of something in the atmosphere of the room which was making everyone who had business within its walls very uncomfortable indeed. was a curious, all-pervading tenseness, and it was particularly rasping to the nerves; it emanated from the human dynamo who sat at the big mahogany desk. Miss Hallam, having felt it fourteen times before, thought of it as a part of the president's Christmas humor. For whereas, on the three hundred and three workdays of the year Mr. Silas Clinch irradiated the dynamic force of human energy, on one day of the year that force was surcharged with something else.

"Gee, the old man does hate Christmas," said Thomas, the office boy. "Ain't he the old crab, though?"

"You ain't got 'ny kick," said the man with the pay envelopes. This year Christmas fell upon Saturday, and each small manilla envelope contained just half as much again as its usual amount—Mr. Clinch's invariable munificent present to his employees. "Here's yours," the bookkeeper added, and passed on.

But Thomas grinned. "Oh, I should worry!" he said. "But just the same I ain't goin' into the old man's room 'less I can't help it."

And that was the feeling of all the office force; and young Thomas' deduction was quite correct; "the old man" did hate

Christmas. He hated having to give the half-week's extra salaries; he hated having to close the office for a day; he hated the holiday itself, a holiday when even the club was apt to be deserted of all save a few old derelicts; he hated the wreaths in the windows and the crowds in the streets and the foolish phrases that people insisted upon shouting at him; he hated the memories that were nothing more and he hated there being nothing but memories. Thomas was right; and although he alone possessed the temerity to say it everyone else in the office knew that he was right; everyone knew that Mr. Clinch hated Christmas. The oldest bookkeeper had good reasons to know it, having gone into the president's room to wish Mr. Clinch a Merry Christmas, when he was leaving early in the afternoon to go to his daughter's in the country; Mr. Clinch had bitten down hard on his long black cigar, and grunted by way of return. Young Robinson knew it, for Mr. Clinch had given him so much work to do that his little wife, Maysie, would have to wait for him on the corner an hour or more—and it was wet and cold outside, and they could not afford a telephone, and Maysie was none too strong. Miss Vail knew it, for Mr. Clinch had given her more letters to write than she could possibly finish before closing time; and the elevator man had known it since morning, when Mr. Clinch had hurried in a full half-hour earlier than usual, to make up for part of the time that would have to be lost on the morrow. And little Miss Hallam knew it. She had known it for so many years that she had long ago accepted the futility of hoping that it was not true; but it made her sadder and more sad with each recurring year. Little Miss Hallam had her own ideas concerning Mr. Clinch and his moods; but when you are fifty-three, and have been in a place for fifteen years, and your fingers are not quite as brisk as they were, and your hair is fading and you are rather timid; and when there are three small people and one big sick one depending upon the money you find in your own little manilla envelope on Saturdays-well, when you are all that, you somehow learn to keep your ideas to yourself.

So little Miss Hallam said nothing as she crossed the room to the president's desk, but only shivered, and felt very sorry in her heart, and very sad, and not at all as though it were Christmas, and the gladdest time of all the year. It wasn't, particularly—for little Miss Hallam any more than for Mr. Clinch.

But not even a human dynamo in a bad humor can keep an entire office force at work forever; there came a moment when Miss Vail left the room with all the letters signed, when young Robinson went out to the elevator putting on his overcoat, when Thomas made an expressive and inelegant gesture toward the president's door, and Miss Hallam was too intent upon little mental calculations as to how far that extra half-week's salary could be stretched in Christmas shopping to reprove him. There even came a moment when Mr. Silas Clinch himself stepped out of the descending elevator to the street; and for Mr. Clinch the moment was not cheered by his being bumped into by a moist pedestrian while he was trying to put up his umbrella. He muttered under his breath, and slipped as he started forth across the wet pavement; and then he was suddenly stopped by someone blocking his way, a small someone standing close in front of him, under one arm a bundle of papers protected by a piece of crumpled oilcloth, a hand stretched out toward Mr. Clinch, and a smiling face uplifted.

"Post," said Mr. Clinch.

Bat the boy's smile widened. "Here's your change."

"Post," Mr. Clinch said again, more sharply this time.

The boy's outstretched hand did not move toward the bundle under his arm, and Mr. Clinch was consciously irritated. He had been supplied for months with the papers he preferred by a newsboy who always remembered his preferences; evidently this youngster was not the one. Mr. Clinch was about to say so, when the boy spoke once more.

"It's your change," he said, still looking up with a friendly smile. "Don't you remember you give me a quarter this morning?"

Mr. Clinch looked down; the small grimy hand opened, and

displayed the coins it held—a dime, a nickel, and eight copper cents. Mr. Clinch did remember; he had been in a hurry that morning because of the necessity of getting to the office early on the day before one of these fool holidays; it was only a quarter, but the newsboy had gone deep into his pockets for change, then darted off. It was not worth waiting for, and Mr. Clinch had hurried on.

"How did you know me again?" he asked the boy.

"Why, I been sellin' you papers for goin' on two years, ain't I?" the lad questioned, with a look of surprise. "You always buy your papers off o' me. Here's the change from your quarter."

Mr. Clinch held out his hand, and the boy laid the coins upon it. Then he took back two pennies and drew a paper from under his arm.

"H'm," said Mr. Clinch, taking the paper and walking on.
The boy darted away into the crowd, but not before Mr.
Clinch heard him call, cheerfully and briskly, over his shoulder:

"Merry Christmas!"

Mr. Clinch walked straight on; but now he was oblivious of the jostling crowds and the bumping umbrellas and the wet pavements. He saw nothing of them all; instead, he saw a smiling face uplifted, two friendly eyes that looked straight out at the world, an outstretched, dirty little paw; he saw moreover, in memory, what he had not noticed at the time of actual vision, that the narrow shoulders shivered and that the feet were clad in too large, broken shoes which had that peculiarly brittle look of old wet leather.

At the corner Mr. Clinch stopped still. His way led straight on, toward State Street; but after a moment's pause he turned to the right, without crossing the street, and walked slowly to the next corner. There again he paused, and again turned to the right; but now he was beginning to be aware of the lights in the shop windows, of the sellers of evergreens along the curb, of the grotesque travesty of Santa Claus jangling a bell to attract the pennies of the passers-by. He passed a toyshop, where

the lights in the windows fell upon the impassive faces of large blonde dolls, and where a train of toy cars wound itself end-lessly in and out of tunnels and over bridges, to the delight of the children and men who were crowding against the window-pane. He passed other windows where warm furs were displayed; others where jeweled mesh bags vied with rings and cigarette cases; and still others where mimic dining rooms were made ready as for the feasts of the morrow, or where mimic children slept in real beds amid piles of real toys, and a mimic saint in real garments was filling real stockings that hung from a mimic chimney place; and everywhere there were wreaths and red ribbons and lights and falling snow that was beginning now to lie upon the ground unmelting. Truly, it was Christmas Eve—and Mr. Clinch hated Christmas.

Again he reached a corner, paused, and again turned to the right without crossing a street. This block was darker than the others, for tall office buildings lined it on both sides of the way, and their windows were beginning to grow dark now where all had been light a short while before. There were passers-by, but not so many, and Mr. Clinch was glad of the thinning crowd and the greater chance to think. For he was thinking, and thinking very hard. He hated Christmas, with its waste of time and waste of money, with its memories and its empty places; but there was one thing which, with an equal intensity, he loved—and the one thing was honesty.

It takes but a match to start a bonfire; the small matter of a newsboy's honesty had started a new train of thought in the clear mind of that human dynamo, Mr. Silas Clinch. The lad had been honest at a time when honesty must have been hard. Christmas was at hand; and those twenty-three pennies would surely have been most welcome. Yet the boy had returned them, gone out of his way to return them. That, thought Mr. Clinch, was honesty; the lad had been honest, honest. Yes, he had been honest at a time when it must have been particularly hard to be honest.

That was the match which had started the fire; the question

which was burning into Mr. Clinch's mind was whether he himself were equally honest. Oh, he had prided himself on his honesty, had Mr. Clinch. But—well, he had always known that there is an honesty of thought as well as of deed.

For years he had been telling himself that he hated this foolish, wasteful holiday called Christmas; now he was asking himself whether he was quite honest, whether it was really Christmas that he hated, or—

For the fourth time he reached a corner, and found himself in front of one of the doors of his own towering building. He entered, passing through the corridor, and out of the door he had left some ten minutes earlier.

This time he did not raise an umbrella; the snow was white on the pavements and on the shoulders of the crowding people. Mr. Clinch forgot to be annoyed when a man bumped into him; he did not even frown when the man smiled and said:

"Beg pardon! And a Merry Christmas!"

Once more a small figure darted from among the passing throng, stood in front of him, and asked:

"Paper, Mister? Paper?"

Then the upward look of inquiry changed into a friendly grin. "Say! I thought you'd gone home!" said the boy.

Mr. Clinch remembered the eight servants who were doubtless awaiting him at the moment, and said: "No, I haven't any home."

The boy's grin vanished. "Oh, gee, you ain't gone broke, have you?" he asked, in a tone of anxiety.

Mr. Clinch shook his head. "No. I'm not broke. I have quite a little left. But—look here"—he said, speaking as man to man, confidentially—"I want to ask you something. I believe you are honest, and I guess you've seen a good bit of the world, eh? Well, now, tell me—if you hated a fellow, what would you do about it, eh?"

The boy's eyes did not leave Mr. Clinch's, but they took on an introspective look for a moment, then brightened. "I wouldn't

hate him, 'less I was afraid of him or he'd done me dirt!" he said.

"Suppose it—he—had 'done you dirt?" "

"Aw, I'd forget it! What's de use?"

"Then suppose you were-afraid of it-of him?"

Again the boy considered before he spoke. "I reckon I'd go up an' punch him one," he said.

For a moment the two stood looking at each other. Then Mr. Clinch ran his lean, hard fingers over his chin, and squared his shoulders a bit.

"I believe you are right," he said. "There's a fellow that I have thought, for years, I hated; I'm beginning to believe I've only been afraid of him. I'm going to take your advice and—er 'punch him one.' You don't think you could come along and help, do you?"

"Sure I could!" said the boy; then his face changed, and he shifted the bundle of papers. "Only—I guess maybe I'd better sell out, first. It's Christmas Eve, and folks don't stop to buy papers much on Christmas Eve."

"I'll buy you out," said Mr. Clinch. "Here's a dollar, and there won't be any change. Give your papers to that chap yonder and let him sell them over again. Tell him they're a Christmas gift from you."

There is something in the heart of every child which makes him accept unquestionably whatever miracle may befall on Christmas Eve; the newsboy darted away, and in a moment was back again, unburdened, at Mr. Clinch's side.

"Are you cold?" asked Mr. Clinch, as they trudged along toward the big department store in the next block. He was looking at the thinly covered shoulders and the broken shoes.

"Not so very," the boy replied, pluckily; he was staring at the windows as though he had not seen them before. Perhaps, thought Mr. Clinch, he was like himself; perhaps he had been too busy really to see things, even when he passed them every day. He recalled a phrase he had heard—though he could not remember where—about those who have eyes and see not. This lad had been selling him papers for two years, and never until tonight had Mr. Clinch really seen him.

He was beginning to see a good deal. He was beginning to see a light of sacrifice and love in faces he had thought only foolishly smiling; he was beginning to see a spirit of brotherhood in the giving that had seemed only stupid wastefulness; he was even beginning to see a great underlying Purpose in it all. And beyond a doubt he saw, all too clearly, the meaning of the long succession of his own empty Christmases of the past, the Christmases he had hated—

The aisles of the department store were crowded, the elevators more than crowded; but the pair found their way to the floor where the clothing was sold, and in a very short time Mr. Clinch had delivered his first punch to the person of whom he was afraid. When the boy stood in front of him newly clad in garments warm and clean and suitable, there had already come a kindlier feeling in Mr. Clinch's heart toward this detested Christmas.

The boy beamed up at him as they walked toward the stairs. "Say," he said, "I'm ever so much obliged for these clo'es. Honest I am. But—you hadn't oughter spend so much money for just one o' your Christmas gifts, 'specially when you're broke."

"Wel, I'll tell you. sonny," said Mr. Clinch. "If I don't spend money I can't deliver that—er—punch that we were talking about. You know you said you'd help me give that punch!"

The boy seemed to be thinking hard; then he asked, "Ain't it your own money you're spendin'?"

"Yes," said Mr. Clinch.

"Then I don't see how spendin' your own money is goin' to hurt the other feller," he said, "the one you're afraid of!"

"I'm not as afraid of him as I was," said Mr. Clinch. "So-what shall we buy next?"

Again the lad considered: he was taking the adventure as

simply as though it happened every day. "Maybe you'd better buy your other Christmas presents," he suggested.

Mr. Clinch began to hate Christmas again. "I don't give presents," he said. "I haven't anybody to give them to."

"Aw, go on!" said the boy, in a tone that was meant rather to be encouraging than irreverent. "You don't have to have anybody to give presents to. You didn't have me, did you?"

There was a pause; then the boy asked, "Say, don't you like to give things?"

"No, I do not," said Mr. Clinch: oh, yes, he did hate Christmas. But, suddenly he saw again a dirty little hand with twenty-three cents on its palm, and there was something within him which asked whether he were being quite, quite honest with himself. "Well," he said, "I don't know whether I like it or not. I—er—haven't tried it very much."

"Gee!" said the boy, "I wisht I had as much money as you. I know whether I'd like it or not."

Again Mr. Clinch ran his lean, hard fingers over his chin. They had reached the main floor of the building, and the crowds were greater than ever.

"H'm," said Mr. Clinch. "And who would you buy things for, if you had all the money I have, eh?"

There followed a succession of punches, and good hard punches, too, to that person of whom Mr. Clinch was afraid—or whom he hated; and old Father Christmas must have smiled at the sight of the man and the boy on their rounds of the departments of that store. Nor was Father Christmas the only one to smile; the pair left a trail of smiles behind, as it were; customers smiled, and salespeople smiled; mothers and fathers smiled; even Mr. Clinch was smiling before they got through—and well he might. Never before had he presented such a spectacle to the world. Big bundles and little bundles, big boxes and little boxes, and bundles and boxes that kept tumbling out of his arms and having to be picked up, and boxes and bundles that bulged in every pocket—and Mr. Silas Clinch carrying them all, while an excited small boy kept adding to their num-

ber. Surely, that made a wonderful sight, indeed; and it was a sight at which old Father Christmas must have smiled with that very tender smile which mothers and fathers bestow upon little children who have been naughty and are trying to be good.

There were some in the crowds of shoppers who recognized him, and forgot to smile and could only stare; but they met no one whom they recognized until they were passing the counter where pipes and such things are sold. There the boy made his way through the crowd and pulled someone by the sleeve.

"Hello, Miss Matty," he said, and in a tone so glad and loud that the other shoppers looked around to see who it was who was so happy.

The one whom he touched turned around, too, and looked, and stared; when she saw Mr. Clinch and his bundles and boxes, her face took on an expression almost of alarm. It was little Miss Hallam—the same little Miss Hallam who had spent the past fifteen years of her life working in the offices of Mr. Silas Clinch, and who was so sorry for him in her heart, and to whom Christmas was not such a very glad time of the year any more than it was for him. Mr. Clinch had never before heard her called Miss Matty; he had never thought of her having a first name at all. Nor had he ever before noticed that she had kind eyes and tired ones, and that her cheeks flushed quite prettily, and that her face was probably the sort that makes children trust it and sick people want it near, and certainly the kind you are most unexpectedly glad to see when you are shopping on Christmas Eve-that day and hour when the heart of every man reaches out toward some woman and some child. Again Mr. Clinch recalled the phrase about eves that see not; but all these thoughts went through his mind in the merest fraction of a minute. The boy was explaining, both to himself and to little Miss Hallam.

"Miss Matty buys papers off o' me, too, don't you, Miss Matty? An' oncet when I was sick—"

"Hush, Benny," said little Miss Hallam, her cheeks pinker than before. She tried to say something to Mr. Clinch, but the boy's excited chatter went on. "Me and Mr. Clinch are out shoppin'," he said, "'cause it's Christmas. Look what he gimme! I got gloves in me pocket, too! And I got a coat for me mother, and a lot o' things for Grampy; and them two boxes is for ol' Missis Killigrew, and we got about a peck o' toys for Missis Ryan's twins and Billy and Jo; and them things in his pocket is for—"

"All right, sonny, all right!" cried Mr. Clinch, resting his free hand repressively on the boy's shoulder. He was actually smiling, and Miss Hallam found herself smiling back; suddenly it seemed as though they had been, for years, the sort of friends who have these little secret understandings, and things to smile over that other people know nothing about. Then Mr. Clinch asked Miss Hallam, quite as though they were in the habit of comparing notes, about their Christmas shopping:

"How are you getting on with your shopping, Miss Hallam? And who are you buying things for?"

Probably little Miss Hallam, thus questioned by Mr. Clinch, could not have found anything but the truth to say; but, anyway, it was Christmas Eve, a time when hearts open easily.

"Oh, I'm getting on splendidly, thank you—and thanks to your present, Mr. Clinch. I've been buying shoes and stockings for the children—they'll be so proud, tomorrow! And there's a very pretty doll for the baby—it's astonishing what wonderful dolls they make, now, and how cheap they are—you'd be surprised! And for my sister—"

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Clinch. "Shoes and stockings are not proper gifts for children. Whatever made you think of getting them shoes and stockings? You come along with me, and I'll show you the way to buy things for the children! How many are there?"

Again Miss Hallam answered as though it were the most natural thing in the world to be talking like this to Mr. Silas Clinch; and as she talked that sad feeling of pity in her heart was somehow growing less sad.

"There are three," said she, "and my sister. She is the children's mother, of course; but she is like a child to me—so much younger than I, and so sick and helpless."

"Three, are there?" Mr. Clinch was beginning to see why she had been buying shoes and stockings. But he was also beginning to see more than that.

"Three, are there? H'm! Too bad there aren't more of them. But we'll see what we can do for three. Benny here will help us. You come along with me, Matilda." Which shows that he must, after all, have seen her name somewhere, perhaps on the pay-roll of the past fifteen years, and yet not have seen it consciously.

It was not until they were leaving the store, an hour or so later, that little Miss Hallam looked up at Mr. Clinch, her cheeks now rosy for shame, and said:

"I've always thought, Mr. Clinch, that it is hated Christmas! Isn't it strange how people can work side by side, almost for years, without knowing the truth about each other?"

"Oh, he don't hate Christmas," the boy piped up. "Him and me was talkin' about hatin' things a while ago, wasn't we, Mr. Clinch? You can't really hate anything 'less you're afraid of it. And there ain't anything to be afraid of in Christmas, is there, Mr. Clinch?"

"No," said Mr. Clinch, looking straight into the eyes of little Miss Hallam, "there is nothing to be afraid of, in Christmas. And"—she smiled—"you cannot hate a thing unless you are afraid of it!"

"Gee!" the boy said, in a tone of apology, "I forgot you had that feller to punch, Mr. Clinch! You and me got so busy buyin' things, I forgot you had to go out and punch that feller you're—"

"I have punched him, sonny," he said, still smiling into Miss Hallam's eyes, which were suddenly bright with tears. "I don't believe he's going to need very much more punching."

He beckoned to a passing taxi, and bundled the wide-eyed boy into it, and parcels enough to have filled the good saint's biggest pack. He gave the driver an address to which the man had certainly never before driven a fare; but the lad put his head out of the door before the cab started.

"Say," he said, solicitously, "say, I forgot you said you hadn't any home. What you goin' to do, on Christmas—"

"Oh, that's all right, sonny," said Mr. Clinch, smiling again. "I've a sort of an idea that I am going to know how to—to make a home. Merry Christmas!"

A half-hour later, when he had helped Miss Hallam out of another cab at the door of the dingy apartment house where she lived, she held out toward him a small, oddly-shaped parcel.

"I—I was buying this—for you, Mr. Clinch, at the very minute you and Benny came up. I thought you hated Christmas, but—it's only a little thing, but I thought—"

Mr. Clinch's hard dean old fingers closed over little Miss Hallam's hand, curiously enough, they did not feel hard, to Miss Hallam.

"You were buying—a Christmas gift—for me?" he asked.

"I know it was-it wasn't much-I-"

The front door of the apartment house was making that peculiar clicking noise which signified that their ring at the bell had been heard upstairs, and that the latch was being opened.

"Matilda," said Mr. Clinch—and it was wonderful how differently her name sounded, spoken like that—"Matilda, you heard what the boy said about my not having any home? I've a house, as you know, and a good deal in it, and more servants than anyone could need; but there has to be—there has to be a woman in a house, to make it home—and—and children; and—Matilda, I wonder if you wouldn't let me come for my Christmas present, tomorrow?"

Little Miss Hallam looked up into his face, and now she was not sorry for him at all. Instead, there was a glad, wonderful feeling in her heart—

"Why, yes, do come," she said, "do come—Silas!"

She fled inside the clicking door, and Mr. Clinch returned to his cab. On the way across the pavement he bumped into a man with bundles in his arms, and he was the first to smile and to say:

"Merry Christmas!"

# THE FAITH OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The childish faith in Fairies and Aladdin's magic ring— The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything.

These are the lines the Hoosier poet sent me as a greeting on Christmas Day, 1908. They express well the faith of the man who lived to become the best loved and widest read of all American poets.

Riley was liberal in the sense in which Bishop Brooks defined liberality, when he said the truly liberal man was not the man who believed as little as he could, but the man who believed as much as he could. It was "the soul-reposing, glad belief in everything" that gave the sunshine to Riley's heart, and made him the Prophet o' Cheer to his generation.

Doubt, pessimism, worry, gloom, despondency were all banished by the Hoosier's sunny creed. Reading an anonymous poem in the New York *Sun* on "Doubt" one day, he at once responded with the antidote, "Faith," the last verse of which reads:

"'O tell me if beyond the sea
A heavenly part there is!' I cried,
And back the echoes laughingly,
"There is! there is!' replied."

The religion of James Whitcomb Riley laid little store by custom and conformity—too little perhaps—and was certainly far from ecclesiasticism, but it was plain, homely, simple, everyday, and fragrant as a Galilean field of lilies, with the great and gentle Christ standing among them, teaching lessons from their bloom, and the birds singing overhead. Meredith Nicholson said of his Hoosier contemporary: "He has brightened the path of duty, and brought the goal of honor near. He is a great teacher in the labor house of the brotherhood of man. He has touched old and neglected virtues with new life and light. Into his songs he has wrought the golden rosary of the beatitudes." And a United States Senator said of him, on the occasion of a testi-

monial tendered by the Indiana State Teachers' Association, and presided over by Bishop Hughes—then president of De Pauw: "There are some of us who owe more personally to James Whitcomb Riley for that priceless thing—an unquestioning faith in God and Christ and immortality—than can well be put in words."

The religion of James Whitcomb Riley was as practical as that of Saint James, whose name he bore. When he sings of "Old John Henry" he sings of himself:

"His doctern's jes' o' the plainest brand— Old John Henry— A smilin' face and hearty hand 'S religen 'at all folks understand, Says Old John Henry."

Riley's faith in the good and his forgiving spirit found their pattern in Jesus. It is the magnanimity of true faith that sings:

"When o'er the fair fame of friend or foe The shadows of disgrace may fall: instead Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so, Let something good be said."

His love of children made him the poet laureate of childhood. He became the champion of those to whom the Kingdom belongs. Of "Fairies and Aladdin's magic ring" not alone to them he sang, but of Christ, of love and truth. Most of his songs of comfort and of immortality were of them, or for them—"The Lost Kiss," "The Happy Little Cripple," "The Absence of Little Wesley," "The Life Lesson," "Little Haly! Little Haly!" "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," and so on to the end of the index!

Riley's most pervasive note was that of joy. Robert Louis Stevenson said, "To be happy is the first step to being pious." The gospel of Jesus is the gospel of Good Cheer. It was the gospel of Indiana's poet-prophet. To the worried he, too, says, "Take no anxious thought":

"O heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so!

Were not shine and shadow blent As the gracious Master meant? Let us temper our content with his own."

His faith taught him "there was ever a song somewhere." His faith pleaded to "banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow fur away." He saw that "the world is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you."

Perhaps the religious good cheer of James Whitcomb Riley is nowhere more felicitously put than in his Prayer Perfect:

"Dear Lord! Kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love,
Tenderly today!
Weed their hearts of bitterness;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.

"Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain,
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine today!"

The Governor of a great commonwealth opened the capitol doors that the poet's body might lie in state. It is easy to believe that the Ruler of the greater State has swung wide the portals that the poet's soul may

". . . with a voice unwavering Join in the song I never sing."

# The Poet's Corner

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## GATES AND DOORS

A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS EVE

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night our Lady came.
Our Lady and St. Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred.
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
To you across the snows.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven tonight)
He held our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight;
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening
And let your gate swing wide.
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest whose coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss,
When Jesus, on His Mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow
The cradle of a King.

-Joyce Kilmer.

# AMERICA, SPEED ON!

The day long prophesied is here, the era new, the dawn.

Thy Sister Nations call to Thee, "America lead on!"

Our staunch Crusaders shout the song, "Oh, Victory is gained!"

Democracy is marching now where hoary tyrants reigned,

Bandits and pirates fled before Jove's demi-god's just wrath,

Now Sisters league for Law and Peace; comes dragon's aftermath.

Ye Chosen Men! while breathless worlds await, gird on thy mail,

America, thy sons inspire with visions of that vale;

From coral reefs and No Man's Land, they cry "Died we in vain?"

Hear myriads and myriads, "Earth's war-god must be slain." From ramparts of the sky encamp'd, they hurl their fiery darts At Cain, whose spirit hoary, grey, still rends all mother-hearts.

America inspire thy sons, prophetic vision give,
Posterity of them will sing, in golden age will live,
Thy U. S. A. reveal God's plan, the way by law to peace;
With League of Nations, Court Supreme, Law reigns; all wars
shall cease.

America, Our Mother dear! Thy chosen sons inspire, God over all give wisdom, strength and sacrificial fire.

Through ether blue, white hosts approach, bird-men, from every land,

Encamp on hills and meadows green; Joy reigns, we clasp each hand;

In temple alabaster sits the Congress of the world,

King Law, white-robed and laurel crown'd, from earth has wargod hurl'd.

Men shout, the tears of women cease and children peans sing, Echoes the Angel Song of Peace, triumphant Joy-bells ring! Oh, Chosen One! while breathless worlds await, speed on fleet wings.

From ramparts of the skies great hosts chant praises while earth sings:

"Praise God! the bloody dragon dies, the heathen war-god flees!"
Oh, Ship of State! no more thy prow shall plow through bloody seas.

America! She comes! She speaks, with heart and brain aflame, "With Law, not war, and Right as Might, our world we will reclaim."

—Carolyn N. Payson, '92.

# THE CRIMSON CROSS

Our world has changed before our eyes—What things on earth are sure? Pity and pain and tenderness,
The hearts that bleed, the hands that bless,
Rich wine from grief's unsparing press—These, with mankind, endure.

There shines a star that shall not fail Though hell be all unbound. Compassion's fiery cross, whose glow Shall down the years unwearied go Till men themselves and God shall know And Love at last be crowned.

O hands that miss the wonted clasp, O hearts that ache with loss! Here is the solace of your grief— In giving you shall find relief, The need is great, the time is brief. On high, the Crimson Cross!

#### DUSK

Dusk wraps the village in its dim caress;
Each chimney's vapour, like a thin gray rod,
Mounting aloft thru miles of quietness,
Pillars the skies of God.

Far up they break or seem to break their line,
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow and nod
Under the light of those fierce stars that shine
Out of the calm of God.

Only in clouds and dreams I felt those souls
In the abyss, each fire hid in its clod;
From which in clouds and dreams the spirit rolls
Into the vast of God.

-A.E.

# THE CHRISTMAS TREE

You come from a land where the snow lies deep In forest glade, on mountain steep, Where the days are short and the nights are long, And never a skylark sings his song. Have you seen the wild deer in his mountain home, And watched the fall of the brown pine cone? Do you miss your mates in the land of snow, Where none but the evergreen branches grow? Dear tree, we will dress you in robes so bright That ne'er could be seen a prettier sight; In glittering balls and tinkling bells. And the Star which the story of Christmas tells: On every branch we will place a light That shall send its gleam through the starry night; And the little children will gather there, And carol their songs in voices fair; And we hope you will never homesick be, You beautiful, beautiful Christmas tree.

# The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

### EDITORIAL STAFF

BEULAH K. F	OLMSBEI	<i>3</i> *					Editor-4	n-Chief
MILLIS L. CA	VERLY					. A	ssociate	Editor
ETHEL M. BE.	RNER		•	•		Bu	siness M	anager

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DECEMBER, 1918.

No. 2.

### EDITORIAL

As I was passing by an old church in the vicinity of our College, I stopped a moment to read the message which is placed each day upon the bulletin board there as an inspiration to the passer-by. It was a quotation familiar to me, but never so full of meaning as now:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to the new, And God fulfils himself in many ways."

Instantly there flashed into my mind a picture of the Great Change. At this time last year the sound of Christmas bells was lost in the roar and din of battle and the whole world was under the black shadow of war. Today, somewhere in France and Belgium, bells are ringing. In the ruined chapels and desecrated shrines, people are lifting thanks for this Christmas gift of Peace. The black shadow has melted away and as the old year heavy with its burdens of sorrow draws slowly to its close, the world waits eager and expectant for the dawn of the new year.

To you whom we may know only thru the pages of our College Magazine, we send our heartiest wishes for the New Year.

-The Editor.



We are glad to welcome President Southwich back after his trip to the South.

Lieutenant A. Gordon Stuart of the Seaforth Highlanders gave us a very interesting account of some of the happenings in Europe, recently.

Founder's Day was observed on December fifth at elevenfifteen, when Mrs. Southwick spoke to us of Dr. Emerson and his work. William Hinton White, of the class of '96, also spoke to us in a very interesting way concerning his life in Emerson.

Miss Moberly of the Young Women's Christian Association told us something of the great needs for reconstruction work in France, Belgium and Russia, at a recent chapel hour.

On December twentieth, Captain Brooke came to us in behalf of the Red Cross Drive.

Mrs. Belt, wife of Commander Belt of the British Navy, told us something of her work among the hospitals and camps of Europe, December thirteenth.



### YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Florence Cutting led the meeting on November eighth, speaking on the subject of "The Cross at the Front."

On November fifteenth, Helen Sayles read some very interesting articles from her war scrap-book.

Mr. Henry Hitt Crane of Newton, Massachusetts, brought a very vital message concerning affairs in Europe, and his talk was very inspiring to all the students.

Mr. Cooley of the Young Men's Christian Association spoke to us on December sixth.

Miss Penick spoke to us recently on the subject of love.

Mr. Liebermand gave us a very interesting talk on the subject of Russian music on December thirteenth.

#### SENIOR

Oahler Hubbard has read in South Sudbury, Roxbury and Malden during the past month.

On December twelfth, Louise Powers read at a suffrage meeting in the Hotel Brunswick.

Helen Amaud gave an evening's program at the Allan Military School in Newton.

Grace Pitman read recently at the Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Association in Charlestown, and at the Jamaica Pond House.

During the month, Beatrice Talmas filled engagements at Braintree, Cambridge, Boston Industrial Home and at Camp Devens.

Sylvia Folsom read recently in Somerville, and at the Union Congregational Church.

At a meeting of the Senior Class the following officers were elected on the Year Book staff:

Editor-in-Chief. Carolyn Vance Ethel Duncan Associate Editor Business Manager Sylvia Folsom Dorothy Levy Art Editor . . .

Ruth Stokes read at the Methodist Parsonage in Dedham recently.

Mary Mahon has filled a reading engagement in Concord recently.

# JUNIOR

Naomi Williams read in Dorchester December fourth.

Pansy Wood gave readings at the Young Men's Christian Association camp in Framingham recently.

Maude Rankeiller was presented with a loving cup by the Fairfield Associates in return for coaching "Somewhere in France," which was presented successfully in camp, the Peabody House, and in Huntington Chambers Hall.

# JUNIOR RECITAL

	November 14, 1918
	Altra in Proceedings (margin page )
I.	Miss Civilization Richard Harding Davis
	Guinevere Rifenburgh
II.	Biff Perkin's Toboggan Slide Pauline Phelps
	Mary West
III.	Prunella, Act I Lawrence Housman and
	Granville Barker
	Marion Hawthorne
IV.	A Marriage Has Been Arranged Sutro
	Wilnetta Sproul
V.	The Spanish Gypsy George Eliot

Frieda Viljoen

# JUNIOR RECITAL

# December 12, 1918

I.	a. Willie's First Trip to the Circus . Original
	b. Stop Squizzling Original
	Influenza Original
	Creep-er-Mouse Original
	c. Jimmie's Ghost 'at He Actually Saw . Original
	d. A Would-be Saint Original
	Bernice Caswell
II.	Quality Street
	Catharine Perry
III.	An Unbiased Opinion . Grace Livingstone Furniss
	Lucille Morris
IV.	Enoch Arden Tennyson
	Ruth Parker
V.	My Unknown Friend Stephen Leacock
	Esther Cohn
VI.	The Light That Failed Kipling
	Ethel Berner
	JUNIOR RECITAL
	December 19, 1918
	gradus (March Street)
I.	
	Abbie E. Casey
II.	
	Millis Caverly
III.	
	Lucie M. Knowles
IV.	The Man on the Kerb Sutro
	Evelyn Stephens
V.	The Flirt (an adaptation) Booth Tarkington
	Emelyn Huff
VI.	
	Frances Schulze

#### SOPHOMORE

The Emerson College trio, including Mary Borax, violin, Betty Griggs, piano, and Mildred Oakes, 'cello, played for the Canadian Club on November eighteenth.

Polly Collins read at the Hull Street House on November twenty-seventh.

Huey Geiger is teaching Dramatics to a class of Serbian boys at the Dennison House.

The Ribbon Committee, including Mary Borax, Rebecca Berkowitz and Ida Minevitch, earned seven dollars for the Sophomore class pledge.

A musical in aid of the United War Work Fund was given by Naomi Hewitt, 'cellist, December sixth at the Franklin Square House.

The Emerson College Trio played at the First Baptist Church on December eighth.

### FRESHMAN

The Freshman class presented "The Maker of Dreams" by Oliphant Downs in the Woman's Club House of Medford on December fifth. The cast included:

The Maker of	f D	reams					Rose Soroker
Pierette .							Eileen O'Brian
Pierrot .							Hazel Davis

Other numbers on the program were:

Reading						Eleanor Pressey
Reading	• ,					Lucile Page
Dance.						Mary Mahon
Dance.						Eleanor Pressey
Reading		• .				. Mary Lang
Dance.		Mary	Mal	hon	and	Eleanor Pressey
Reading					Gı	race Thorson, '17

Octavia Blaisdell read "Dere Mabel" for the sailors in Charlestown, November thirteenth.

For the benefit of the United War Work Fund, a dramatic recital was presented in the parlors of the Students' Union, November twenty-second, by Mary Lang, Alice Lemon and Lucile Page.

### SORORITIES

### KAPPA GAMMA CHI

The members of the Sorority were guests at a dinner at the home of Miss Jessie Smith, '16, in Brookline, recently.

Ethel Berner and Leila Watson entertain the soldiers stationed at the proving grounds in Scituate each week-end.

Lucile Husting gave an evening's program consisting of "Christmas Day in the Morning," "A Good Dinner," and "Madame Butterfly," in Bedford, Massachusetts.

An informal supper party was held at the Chapter House on Thanksgiving eve.

A son was born on April eighteenth to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Johnson, of New York City. Mrs. Johnson was formerly Rhéa Kimberley of the class of '09.

Margaret Strunk has recently read at the Union Congregational Church and at Tremont Temple.

Grace Thorson, '17, read at the Emerson College entertainment which was presented in Medford, December fifth.

On November fifteenth, Carolyn Vance read at an anniversary meeting of the Revere Woman's Club, and at the Eliot Congregational Church in Roxbury.

Ethel Duncan gave a program in Quincy and read Dickens' "Christmas Carol" in South Sudbury and in Roxbury recently.

### ZETA PHI ETA

The fraternity and guests enjoyed tea at Filene's on the afternoon of November fourteenth.

On November seventeenth a banquet and dance was held at the Chapter House.

Rosemary Hilton and Callie Calloway spent the week-end in Medford recently.

Zeta Phi Eta takes pleasure in announcing that Teas will be held on the first and third Sundays of the month, from fourthirty to six. All Emersonians and friends are cordially invited.

Members of the fraternity enjoyed the evening of November eighteenth at an informal gathering at the Chapter House.

Zeta Phi Eta extends heartiest New Year's greetings.

### PHI MU GAMMA

Phi Mu Gamma entertained with an informal party at the Chapter House on Monday, December the second.

We are happy to say that Imogene Hogle is to remain with us thruout the year, her plans for going to France having been disrupted when peace was declared.

Madelina MacNamara has a class at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Camden Street. She has also taught at the Girls' City Club.

Marjorie Stackhouse read at Camp Devens, Tuesday, December tenth.

Marion Hawthorne had a reading engagement at the Revere Street Old Ladies' Home, December sixth.

Polly Collins has read several times for the children at the Hull Street Settlement House.

Madelina MacNamara and Kathryn Capron have presented programs on several battleships.

Are you interested in Emerson College?—its many principles, its faculty criticisms, its great endowment movement? Then subscribe for the Magazine.



### EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK

The December meeting was held at the Twelfth Night Club rooms, Saturday evening, December fourteenth.

The program of the evening was devoted to literature of the great war, and whatever may be said of the war as a struggle between great machines, its human side has been expressed in bits of literature, rich in elements of humor, pathos and aspiration.

### PROGRAM

"Fritzie Boy"		Mrs. Augusta Boyleston
"Poems by Alfred Noyes"		Miss Stella Korn
"The Oratory of the War"		. Francis X. Carmody
"Songs"	•	. Mrs. A. E. Martin

### ALUMNI NOTES

# '07. Alice Howell writes as follows concerning her experiences in France:

I came over several months ago as a canteen worker, and have just returned from the Verdun sector, where I was directress of the canteen nearest the front. The canteen was in connection with an evacuation hospital for seriously wounded. I have lived much during these months—we were shelled and bombed; the roar of the guns shook the walls of the hospital, and the flash of the barrage was with us by night. The canteens are closed now and I am on my way to Paris for new orders.

When I first came over, I acted with the Craig Players of Boston. For a little while I played in "Baby Mine," and afterward in a pageant of Jeanne d'Arc put on at Domremy, upon the steps of the Basilique.

'07. A daughter, Virginia Jewel, was born on August fifth, nineteen hundred and eighteen, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Aldrich. Mrs. Aldrich was Laurel B. Hardy.

- '08. Elizabeth E. Keppie is employed in the Young Men's Christian Association Overseas Entertainment Work in France.
- '09. John Adams Taylor has sent Christmas greetings to President and Mrs. Southwick from France, where he is in the service of America.
- '10. A daughter, Elizabeth Mildred Flannagan, was born to Dr. and Mrs. George M. Flannagan, née Rebecca Swartwood, on May sixth.
- '10. Annabelle Rich was married on November seventh to Mr. R. L. Leinbach, and has been visiting in Boston during the past month.
- '11. Mr. James Cash announces the marriage of his daughter, Evelyn Foster, to Mr. Luzerne Westcott Crandall, on September fourth, in Tucson, Arizona.
- '11. Stephen C. Lang has been commissioned First Lieutenant and Chaplain in the United States Army, and is stationed at Camp Meade.
- '14. Arthur F. Winslow, on duty in France, writes as follows to President Southwick:

We are now wondering whether we are to turn our steps toward home, or march across the Rhine with the army of occupation. The I long to see the figure of the majestic lady who graces the entrance of New York Harbor, I have an equally strong desire to push farther east. I anticipate no tourist's trip, for a soldier's activities will be necessarily limited.

Your mention of a "spectacular drive" in September must have been the time when we reduced the St. Mihiel salient. I was surely in that affair, as I was acting in the capacity of a divisional observer. An observer is required to hide in some place where he can watch the activity of the enemy, and transmit the same to headquarters by the most available means—a very interesting job sometimes. On the morning of the attack, I was ordered to follow the infantry for the purpose

of establishing an advanced post, and the sights I saw on that battlefield I shall never forget. The barrage which our artillery put over before the infantry advanced was, I think, the most intense, tho not the longest, that we ever fired. I had never been close to the lines before, so you can imagine my feelings when that terrific barrage started. That night our troops "dug in" while Fritz tried to worry us with some weak artillery fire. Soon he sent over a "77" which must have had my name on it, for it landed a very few feet from where I lay all in a heap. If I had been standing I probably would have been hit, but I saw it and ducked in time. But my experiences have been very tame compared to what the "doughboys" have endured. Those fellows have made us all prouder to be called Americans. If feel rather proud of my own division: we were the first to cross the Meuse.

- '16. Charlotte Butler is teaching at the State Normal School in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania.
- '17. After a year of work in the moving pictures and on the legitimate stage, Ruth Kennard has accepted a position as teacher of Expression in Culver-Stockton College.
- '17. Anne Vail is filling the position of Secretary for Boston Students' Union.

Are you interested in the Art of Interpretation?—its teachers and readers, its ideas and methods, general news of the speaking profession, the best cuttings for platform work? Then subscribe for the Magazine.



# :: The Emerson College Magazine

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No. 3.



### OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A WATCH-DOG

FRANK R. STOCKTON

A short time after my wife and I were settled in our pleasant little country home, we had a rather unpleasant experience with a tramp, which led me to decide that hereafter Euphemia should be better protected during my daily absence in the city, and so the next morning I advertised for a fierce watch-dog, and in the course of a week I got one. Before I procured him I examined into the merits and price of about one hundred dogs. My dog was named Pete, but I determined to make a change in that respect. He was a very tall, bony, powerful beast, of a dull black color, and with a lower jaw that would crack the hind leg of an ox, so I was informed. He was of a varied breed, and the good Irishman of whom I bought him said he had fine blood in him, and attempted to refer him back to the different classes of dogs from which he had been derived.

The man brought him home for me, and chained him up in an unused wood-shed, for I had no dog-house as yet.

"Now, thin," said he, "all you've got to do is keep 'im chained up there for three or four days till he gets used to ye. An'

I'll tell ye the best way to make a dog like ye. Jist give 'im a good lickin'. Then he'll know yer his master, and he'll like ye iver aftherward. There's plenty of people that don't know that. And, by the way, sir, that chain's none too strong for 'im. I got it when he wasn't mor'n half grown. Ye'd bether git him a new one."

When the man had gone, I stood and looked at the dog, and could not help hoping that he would learn to like me without the intervention of a thrashing. Such harsh methods were not always necessary, I felt sure.

After our evening meal Euphemia and I went out together to look at our new guardian. Euphemia was charmed with him.

"How massive!" she exclaimed. "What splendid limbs! And look at that immense head! I know I shall never be afraid now. I feel that that is a dog I can rely upon. Make him stand up, please, so I can see how tall he is."

"I think it would be better not to disturb him," I answered; "he may be tired. He will get up of his own accord very soon. And, indeed, I hope that he will not get up until I go to the store and get him a new chain."

As I said this I made a step forward to look at his chain, and at that instant, a low growl, like the first rumblings of an earthquake, ran through the dog. We stepped back and went into the house.

About a week after the arrival of this animal I was astonished and frightened on nearing the house to hear a scream from my wife. I rushed into the yard and was greeted with a succession of screams from two voices, that seemed to come from the vicinity of the wood-shed. Hurrying thither, I perceived Euphemia standing on the roof of the shed in perilous proximity to the edge, while near the ridge of the roof sat our hired girl with her handkerchief over her head.

"Hurry! hurry!" cried Euphemia. "Climb up here! The dog is loose! Be quick! be quick! Oh! he's coming! he's coming!"

I asked for no explanation. There was a rail fence by the

side of the shed, and I sprang on this, and was on the roof just as the dog came bounding and barking from the barn.

Instantly Euphemia had me in her arms, and we came very near going off the roof together.

"I never feared to have you come home before," she sobbed. "I thought he would tear you limb from limb."

"But how did all this happen?" said I.

"Och! I kin hardly remember," said the girl from under her handkerchief.

"Well, I didn't ask you," I said, somewhat too sharply.

"Oh, I'll tell you," said Euphemia. "There was a man at the gate, and he looked suspicious, and didn't try to come in, and Mary was at the barn looking for an egg, and I thought this was a good time to see whether the dog was a good watchdog or not, so I went and unchained him—"

"Did you unchain that dog?" I cried.

"Yes, and the minute he was loose he made a rush at the gate, but the man was gone before he got there, and then I went down to the barn to get Mary to come and help me chain up the dog, and when she came out he began to chase me and then her; and we were so frightened that we climbed up here, and I don't know, I'm sure, how I ever got up that fence; and do you think he can climb up here?"

"Oh, no, my dear," I said.

"An' he's just the beast to go afther a stip-ladder," said the girl, in muffled tones.

"And what are we to do?" asked Euphemia. We can't eat and sleep up here. Don't you think that if we were all to shout out together we could make some neighbor hear?".

"Oh, yes," I said, "there is no doubt of it. But then, if a neighbor came the dog would fall on him—and besides, my dear, I should hate to have any of the neighbors come and find us all up here. It would look so utterly absurd. Let me try and think of some other plan."

I looked up and saw a female figure just entering the yard.

"Oh! what shall we do?" exclaimed Euphemia. "The dog will get her. Call to her!"

"No, no," said I, "don't make a noise. It will only bring the dog. He seems to have gone to the barn or somewhere. Keep perfectly quiet, and she may go upon the porch and, as the front door is not locked, she may rush into the house if she sees him coming."

"I do hope she will do that," said Euphemia, anxiously.

"And yet," said I, "it's not pleasant to have strangers going into the house when there's no one there."

"But it's better than seeing a stranger torn to pieces before your eyes," said Euphemia.

"Yes," I replied, "it is. Don't you think we might get down now? The dog isn't here."

"No, no!" cried Euphemia. "There he is now, coming this way. And look at that woman! She is coming right to this shed."

Sure enough, our visitor had passed by the front door, and was walking toward us. Evidently she had heard our voices.

"Don't come here!" cried Euphemia. "You'll be killed! Run! run! The dog is coming! Why, mercy on us! It's Pomona!"

Sure enough, it was Pomona, our old servant-girl, with an expression of astonishment on her face.

"Well, truly!" she ejaculated.

"Into the house, quick!" I said. "We have a savage dog!"

"And here he is!" cried Euphemia. "Oh! she will be torn to atoms."

Straight at Pomona came the great black beast, barking furiously. But the girl did not move; she did not even turn her head to look at the dog, which stopped before he reached her and began to rush wildly around her, barking terribly. We held our breath. I tried to say "Get out!" or "Lie down!" but my tongue could not form the words.

"Can't you get up here?" gasped Euphemia.

"I don't want to," said the girl.

The dog now stopped barking, and stood looking at Pomona, occasionally glancing up at us. Pomona took not the slightest notice of him.

"Do you know, ma'am," said she to Euphemia, "that if I had come here yesterday, that dog would have had my life's blood?"

"And why don't he have it today?" said Euphemia, who, with myself, was utterly amazed at the behavior of the dog.

"Because I know more today than I did yesterday," answered Pomona. "Is is only this afternoon that I read something as I was coming here on the cars. This is it," and she began to read in the same manner which used so to amuse Euphemia and irritate me:

"Lord Edward slowly san-ter-ed up the bro-ad ances-tral walk, when sudden-ly from out a cop-se, there sprang a fur-i-ous hound. The marsh-man, con-ce-al-ed in a tree, expected to see the life's blood of the young nob-le-man stain the path. But no, Lord Edward did not stop nor turn his head. With a smile he strode stead-i-ly on. Well he knew that if, by be-traying, he could show the dog that he was walking where he had a right, the brute would recognize that right and let him pass unscathed. Thus in this moment of peril his noble courage saved him. The hound, abashed, returned to his covert, and Lord Edward passed on."

"Now, then," said Pomona, "you see I remembered that the minute I saw the dog coming, and I didn't betray any emotion. Yesterday, now, when I didn't know it, I'd a been sure to betray emotion, and he would have had my life's blood. Did he drive you up there?"

"Yes," said Euphemia, and she hastily explained the situation.

"Then I guess I'd better chain him up," remarked Pomona, and advancing to the dog, she took him boldly by the collar and pulled him toward the shed. The animal hung back at first, but soon followed her, and she chained him up securely.

"Now she can come down," said Pomona, and we descended.

### THE PROBLEM OF MORAL FAILURE

EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS

We have seen that the meaning of life is not to be found in any one achievement, but in the ever higher achieving of wisdom and love. This process of human development, which goes as far as we can see and probably much farther, is being broken constantly by an element that comes into the problem from the outside,—the element of evil. This is the element that enters so terribly into human life and, despite our high dreams and lofty ideals, leads all too often to deplorable failure; this is the element that causes human beings to make such sad work of their lives.

From the day of Job, the problem of evil has been the center of the great riddle of existence. The necessity of evil is involved in the very conception we have of human life. In this conception man is an imperfect creature with a vision of higher perfection toward which he may struggle; but the vision changes with every step and, as he approaches, recedes farther and farther, so that it is not to be wondered at if the weary traveler often falls in discouragement. Evil becomes inevitable because of the ever widening abyss between that which man is and that which he hopes to be.

Personal existence, or that which man is, changes to that which man hopes to be by expansion and integration. The boy who ties a tin can to the dog's tail is not bad. If we did not know that the dog was uncomfortable, we would enjoy it too. By the process of expansion or extension of sympathy, our personality has reached out and we feel the dog's distress. This growing ability to feel the pain and joy of other creatures somewhat as we would feel our own is one of the means by which we grow towards perfection. The other means of growth, integration, is evidenced in the substitution of a definite aim for mere whim or desire as the chief governing motive of all

action. And the higher we aim, the faster will be our growth toward that which we hope to be.

With this thought arises the question, "Does a high aim necessarily mean a good deed?" It does not. In any moral situation there are always two elements: what you meant to do and what you did. You must mean the best and you must also achieve the best, if your action is to be pronounced unqualifiedly good. You have to see the best and then be loyal to it. If you do not see the best, you go down; if you see the best and are disloyal to it, you go down. In either case, the result is moral failure. Nature holds us responsible not only for obeying the law, but for knowing the law, for knowing under all conditions what is the one best thing to be done. Nor is there any situation which a human being can conceive in which there is not a best thing to be done.

As there are two elements—what you meant to do and what you did—involved in any moral situation, even so there are two kinds of consequence that follow every act, the one absolute, the other relative. When you lie, you blunt your own instinct for truth; your punishment is in the lie itself, for the man who lies to others soon learns to lie to himself. This is the inside punishment that comes to your own soul. There is also another punishment: the world will find you out finally and you will be excluded from the society of good, truth-speaking people. The first punishment is absolute, irrevocable; the second is relative and may or may not come. Furthermore, the first punishment depends mainly upon your motive. If you tell what is not so, but mean to tell the truth, you keep the purity of your instinct for truth, though you may dull your judgment a little. But the consequence out in the world depends on the deed itself rather than on the motive back of the deed. Society has little patience with mere good intentions.

Evil is a strangely self-multiplying process. Most human beings mean practically well at the start. Nobody chooses life instead of death, but we get a little element of evil mixed up with the good, being unable to distinguish between them; or we love a good thing out of its right relation, and the harm that results carries us very fast down hill. Each moral mistake brings with it a whole train of unforeseen consequences, and though we think we can stop anywhere, we keep on slipping until we find ourselves at the bottom. We start out with reasonably noble motives, but the little weaknesses betray us and the good becomes distorted.

To change this natural self-multiplication of evil, four distinct elements break in upon the process of moral regeneration. The first element is suffering from without. Sooner or later the untruthful man discovers that honesty is the best policy. This is not a very noble discovery but it at least helps him to turn about and go the other way. The second element, higher than the first in moral significance, is suffering from within-remorse. It is God's signal that you have drifted out of harmony with the universe; it is to make you conscious within yourself that you have done wrong. Remorse, however, is not atonement. People make the mistake of thinking they can atone by being sorry. The only atonement you can offer to God, man and the universe for evil done is to do the best thing that remains today. The third element that enters into this process of regeneration is the saving principle of love, that everlasting, miracle working power of the universe. You can never anticipate its consequences. If a man on the downward path falls in love with something above himself, the whole situation is transformed, for the degenerate begins to climb the other way. In other words, he is redeemed. Last of all, there is the practical giving of yourself to the aim you believe to be right. This is a mighty check on the process of moral degenera-In fact, regeneration depends to a great degree on this conscious effort of the individual. We must remember that things which were good yesterday are kept good only by making them better today, and to make them better requires conscious and untiring devotion to the end you have chosen as right.

There are, then, these two complimentary truths in regard to moral failure: there is no forgiveness that can make the deed of yesterday as if it had not been; and the power of recovery of the human spirit is beyond all that the ethical teaching of the past would seem to imply. That is why remorse should be put behind your back. Turn to yesterday only to get its lesson, then continue your journey toward the heights.

### THE PHILOSOPHER

I saw him sitting in his door,
Trembling as old men do;
His house was old, his barn was old,
And yet his eyes seemed new.

His eyes had seen three times my years— And kept a twinkle still, Though they had looked at birth and death And three graves on a hill.

"I will sit down with you," I said,
"And you will make me wise;
Tell me how you have kept the joy
Still burning in your eyes."

Then, like an old-time orator,
Impressively he rose.
"I make the most of all that comes
And the least of all that goes."

The jingling rhythm of his words Echoed as old songs do; Yet this had kept his eyes alight Till he was ninety-two.

-Sara Teasdale.

# THE USE OF THE VOICE

### WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY

[Owing to the repeated calls for the following article, which appeared originally in the December number (1905) of this magazine, it is thought advisable to reproduce it.—Editor's Note.]

To write on the subject of voice so that the matter treated will be at once clearly comprehended by the reader is extremely difficult on account of a general misunderstanding of terms. This difficulty is increased further by lack of proper consideration of the personal equation, not only on the part of writers and readers, but, in practical voice work, on the part of teacher and pupil as well.

By that I mean that no two voices have precisely the same faults, or can be treated in precisely the same way. Written rules and theories must be changed to fit individual cases, the results depending upon the ability and insight of the teacher. All, I think, agree as to what elements a beautiful voice should contain, so that the much-used word "method" relates to the way of acquiring ideal perfection (it is questionable if actual perfection was ever reached in this work), and not to the qualities and ability to be gained. For instance, the summit of a mountain is a fixed point, but there are many paths from all sides by which one can reach it. This is not a perfect illustration, but it will show my point. The summit is a good, well-rounded, serviceable voice; the many paths are the methods.

Another side of the question, the lack of consideration of which causes no end of misunderstanding, is the fact that part of the training of a voice deals with involuntary muscles, and a part with voluntary ones.

The regulation of the pitch is involuntary, and tone-color is largely so; we govern and study them from the mind pictures. Our first childhood lessons in pitch and color are solely lessons in imitation, so that the effect of the voices around us is no small factor. Many unusually pitched voices can be accounted for in this way.

Any one having heard a deaf child speak cannot doubt the value of this point. In a trained voice the speed and accurate work of the muscles of the vocal cords, which—though involuntary—give the pitch, is marvellous.

In regard to this word "involuntary" do not let us misunderstand each other. I do not use the word as in regard to the heart and its action, which is continuous in life, thus involuntary; the willing to make or not to make a tone is voluntary, but the exact tension put upon the chords to bring about the pitch required by the mind at that particular time in its plan to express its desired meaning is *involuntary*.

The forming of the transient moulds in the mouth, by means of which we make different sounds, which sounds used in prescribed combination make words, is in most people largely involuntary. But it need not be so. This is accounted for by the fact that we as children learn the sound of our letters, and to speak words, by imitation, and on coming to maturity have never analyzed the muscular action necessary to bring about the sounds we constantly use.

The question of resonance causes no end of difficulty. To me the principal thing is finding in each individual the proper adjustment for him of the values of the chest and pharynx, the lower resonant chambers; and the mouth and nasal passages, the higher resonant chambers, where each assists, and complements the other.

A predominance or lack of any of these qualities is sure, in the long run, to produce an unpleasant and inadequate voice. Absolute perfection in this department is seldom if ever met, yet by study and careful experiment one can gain much proficiency. The great stumbling-blocks here are muscular tightening, stiffening, and hardening; in a word, lack of relaxation, and an inactive soft palate.

The action of the soft palate governs the flow of breath into the head resonant chambers above the roof of the mouth. Its action in speech is largely involuntary, but in practice it can and should be strengthened so that in speech it will move with definite precision, not flabbily. Ever hold in mind that nothing keeps a tone from finding the overtones, which augment and beautify it, more than the lack of power relaxation in the muscular action in forming the vowel moulds.

Morell Mackenzie says the development of the voice is not unlike, in some ways, the training of an athlete. By that, I take it, he refers to a proper training for the part which is purely physical and exhausting, requiring a strength of the muscles which are to sustain the strain,—chiefly the various muscles of respiration and the vocal chords, as apart from the resonant chambers, since they are to resist the pressure of the breath and support the tension required to bring about the pitches used. Many do not appreciate the value of this training and the necessity of good health, and the failure of such persons is thus accounted for.

A breathy or foggy tone, one lacking in edge or definiteness, is often due to the fact that the vocal chords are not brought close enough together, so that more breath escapes than is put in vibration, the breath escaping before vibration begins. The reverse is also met with; that is, the chords are held too closely together, giving, in attack of vowels, a hard, knocking sound, and in spoken words a sharp, hard, tearing, lack-of-sympathy tone. If the teacher is careful and very watchful of result, each fault can be overcome by a little practice of the opposite tendency.

In this work, as in the correcting of any fault, go very slowly. Remember that every virtue carried to an extreme becomes a vice, and that between the extremes lies the truth. Any one having made a study of the voice will appreciate the application of these maxims.

The pinched tone is often due to the pupil's trying to control the escaping breath by shutting the vocal chords over it, instead of with the organs of respiration in their function of exhalation; in such cases it is simply a matter of learning to breathe properly.

The so-called throaty tone, with its hard, rasping uneasiness,

is caused by the constrictor muscles shutting up and stiffening the throat, and from sympathy, the whole body. This fault is corrected by teaching the pupil the action of the opposing muscles,—the muscles of the pharynx, tongue, and palate, which dilate the throat as in yawning, and carry their action with the open throat into the process of speaking. This will tend to more ample vowel moulds, but here also care must be taken that there is no muscular stiffening and hardening.

Thus far these suggestions have been chiefly of faults met with in the production of the tone. In speech there are two distinct processes taking place: first, the production of the tone, which is made by the vocal cords, and is the vehicle in or upon which the word rides; the second is the forming of this tone into different shapes by sending it through different moulds, made by the tongue and lips, in co-operation with the jaw, or moving floor of the mouth, the teeth, and roof of the mouth (both hard and soft palates).

The consonants are obstructions to the flow of breath, and in most cases require muscular contraction; a vowel sound is an unobstructed flow of vibrating breath and requires freedom and relaxation. A very common fault is allowing the constriction which is necessary in forming the consonant to affect the freedom and relaxation of the mould of the vowel that precedes or follows it. To remedy this one should acquire a knowledge of the exact mould of both consonant and vowel sounds and practice them untiringly, first in simple, then in compound combinations.

Vowel sounds can be divided into two families: one in which the forming is principally the work of the lips; in the other the forming is principally the work of the tongue. A as in father is moulded with the mouth; well open, tongue inactive, lying flat in the mouth; lips well open, but in no way in a strained position. From this wide-open (on the part of both mouth and lips) vowel, through the different sounds of o and u to oo as in moon, the tongue should remain inactive, while the

moulding is the work of the lips, which round, in each step the opening growing smaller, while the jaw (the moving floor of the mouth) gradually closes the mouth, so that from a as in father to oo as in moon there is a marked change. But in the oo the teeth should still be a bit apart. From a as in father through the different sounds of a, i, and e, to e as in eat, the moulding is chiefly the work of the tongue, lumping in the mouth by slow degrees, in each step going higher and more forward, while the lips for the most part are inactive. Faults here are many and varied, but can perhaps be classed as follows: those when the tongue is not relaxed and inactive in the lip vowels, or the lips relaxed and inactive in the tongue vowels. A great many fail to keep the tongue down low enough, making each step too great a lifting of the lumped tongue, so that the moulds are all too small, and when arriving at the e and short i the pinched mould is very marked. This same tendency applies to the lips, wherein the opening of the lips in oo is much too small.

A very common fault in all vowel sounds is the pulling of the tongue into the back of the mouth, where it lumps up into all kinds of different shapes in different people. This is a great obstacle to the front placing of the vowel and tends to make the sound thin and white. This is especially marked in a short and e and i long. When the tongue pulls back, the space between the root of the tongue and the back of the pharynx is lessened; thus much of the round, mellow qualitie sis lost.

To remedy such a fault, have the pupil open the throat (yawn and inhale a deep breath through the mouth); this tends to draw the root of the tongue well down into the floor of the mouth. Also take especial care, in practising with a mirror, that the tip of the tongue, both in exercises and in speaking, is against the lower front teeth in all vowel sounds.

If one will watch carefully in a mirror the action of the tongue and lips in connection with the jaw and teeth in the vowel sounds while slowly speaking the following words, the points brought out will be plainly seen:

 LIP VOWELS
 TONGUE VOWELS

 a as in father
 a as in father

 o " " on a " " apple

 u " " us
 e " " everybody

 o " " over
 i " " it

 oo " " noon
 e " " eat

When one has the voice in hand he is through the department of technique, ready to give the mind free range to paint its imagination pictures, doing all the physical part as by second nature. This of course requires a naturally beautiful voice, or years of study and hard, slave-like practice upon the fundamental rudiments.

The things which go to make an artist, from a voice standpoint, are many, but I have tried to show them as I see them in their relation to each other by the following table, which is worthy of some careful attention, as it applies to each and every one of us. Please read the topics as numbered, for so they stand in sequence in life, I think. Their position on the page is their point of relationship, each to the other.

Technique (4), the ground work. Mind (3), above all. Environment (1), balancing Imagination (2). Taste (5), the centre, and holding our ability together, the key to success.

(3) MIND

Its ability to think to a point.

Concentration to vitalize the pictures it creates.

(1) ENVIRONMENT
We are the sum and substance of everything seen and done, all made personal by imagination.
Home life and personality of teachers in early life.

(5) TASTE Appreciation of values. The artist. (2) IMAGINATION
Conscious picture-making, not fanciful dreaming, whims, etc. Mind people made to live as companions by the powers of No. 3.

(4) TECHNIQUE

Muscular freedom and strength, breadth, and finesse of the instrument. Physical in conscious control of No. 3, which is { led governed } by No. 2, which is i nits turn { controlled dominated } by No. 3.

You ask how one can find out in which group one is weak and how to gain strength in that department. If one can look one's own personal equation squarely and dispassionately in the face without vain pride or hopeful prejudice, one will without outside assistance find the weakness, and the very strength of insight will point to the means of improvement.

If, on the other hand, one is blinded by pride and prejudice, no amount of argument from the outside will make the point clear, or the weakness evident to him. This is a place in education where the teacher can only point the way; the pupils must climb up alone, or devise some means which for the sake of their own vanity they think will cover from others the fact that, in that particular, they have failed; or in their conceited ignorance they think they need no such introspection, having passed the point of getting a perspective on their shortcomings.

For all who have in their development passed through the vale of tricks, the ones who are in it are as an open book. The wise man looks over his account every day, and often makes a trial balance.

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# The Poet's Corner

### THE THINGS THAT COUNT

Now, dear, it isn't the bold things,
Great deeds of valor and might,
That count the most in the summing up of life
at the end of the day.

But it is the doing of old things, Small acts that are just and right;

And doing them over and over again, no matter what others say;

In smiling at fate when you want to cry, and in keeping at work when you want to play—Dear, those are the things that count.

And, dear, it isn't the new ways,
Where the wonder-seekers crowd,
That lead us into the land of content, or help us
to find our own.

But it is keeping to true ways, Though the music is not so loud,

And there may be many a shadowed spot where we journey along alone;

In flinging a prayer at the face of fear, and in changing into a song a groan—

Dear, these are the things that count.

My dear, it isn't the loud part
Of creeds that is pleasing to God,
Not the chant of a prayer, or the hum of a hymn,
or a jubilant shout or song.
But it is the beautiful proud part
Of walking with feet faith-shod;
And in loving, loving, loving through all, no matter how things go wrong;
In trusting ever, though dark the day, and in keeping your hope when the way seems long—
Dear, these are the things that count.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### PHILOSOPHERS

A melancholy Beaver Resided by a rill; He either had a fever Or else he had a chill;

For Mental Inquisition
Had filled him full of dole
About his Earthly Mission
Or his Eternal Soul.

In June, instead of basking
Or helping build the dam,
He vexed his Conscience, asking,
"Why Is It That I Am?"

He passed the winter, sifting
A lot of Pregnant Saws
On "Whither Are We Drifting?"
And "Nature's Primal Cause."

A Chicadee, intruding
One afternoon at three,
Disturbed the Beaver's brooding
By whistling "Chick-a-dee!"

The Beaver reprimanded
The Gadabout on wings;
Said he, "To be quite candid,
What makes you do These Things?

"All over Here and Yonder You flitter, flute, and fife. Why don't you perch, and ponder The Purposes of Life?"

The Chickadee retorted,
"I don't know what you mean.
My life is well supported,
The woods are fresh and green;

"My top note, when I strike it, May be of little use, Still, people seem to like it, And that's a good excuse."

The Beaver simply snorted,
As Beavers often do.
The Chickadee cavorted
And ate a worm or two.

The Chickadee grew apter
At whistling "Chick-a-dee!"
The Beaver did a chapter
On "What Work Means To Me."

-Arthur Guiterman.

### BLUE SEA AND WHITE SAIL

Blue sea and white sail
All day together;
From moon-set to moon-rise
Not a sign of weather;
Deep in the heart a girl
Hid like a deep-sea pearl,
Like the sea singing.

Foamy sea-races,
Ah, for her breast
Ever a stirring,
Ever at rest;
Far-off sea-spaces
Meeting the skies;
All the world's distance
Dwells in her eyes;
All the world's sorrow
At my heart lies,
Like the sea sighing!

Richard Le Gallienne.

# A PRAYER

Thou whose Spirit dwells upon the earth,
As It dwelleth in all things,
Teach me from out Thy store of Wisdom;
Give me the knowledge which Thou seest fit;
Prepare my heart to yield in mellowness
That I may see the truth
In all that flows from Thee:
Make all my earthly lessons:
My joys, my sorrows, suff'rings and my loves

Be but the teachers which are sent by Thee
To aid my soul while searching for the goal;
Make them to bind me closer to the heart
Of all mankind through love of Thee.
May all my thoughts, my words, my every deed,
Unfold for me Thy Wisdom which I seek
So yearningly—
This is my prayer to Thee both night and day.

-Docia Dodd, '13.

### HIS GIRL

The day you went away to France I came back through the streets alone With burning eyes and feet that dragged, And for my happy heart a stone—Folk passed me smiling, so I smiled, To see how dark the world had grown.

I came home to my father's house And stood beside the empty stair Where you had stood, and where we said Our blind goodbys—the twilight air Was full of you—I had not known That life would be so hard to bear.

And yet—God hears!—no dusk nor dawn Could bring me peace, had you not gone.

-Fannie Heaslip Lea.

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# The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

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### EDITORIAL

It is the beginning of a new semester and with it there come new resolutions and the determination to make up for lost time. In the midst of a seemingly endless round of assignments and rehearsals and the general confusion attending them, let us sometimes remember Stevenson's beautiful words,

"Give us peace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Give us courage and gaiety and a quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies, bless us if it may be in all our innocent endeavors, if it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath. And in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another."



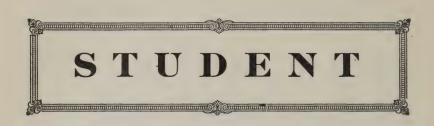
We are very glad to welcome Mrs. Hicks back after her illness.

President Southwick has been on an extended reading tour thru Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

The regular annual meeting of the Emerson College Endowment Association was held on January twenty-third.

Sergeant Golding of the English Army, who has served on three fronts and been twice wounded, spoke to us, January twenty-second, on behalf of the United War Veterans.

Mr. Tripp is away on a reading tour thru the West and South. He is filling engagements in Tennessee, Iowa, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Kansas.



# YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

At the first meeting after the Christmas holidays Miss McQueston gave a very helpful talk. Her subject was "The Vision Splendid."

On January seventeenth, Miss Hersey spoke to us, taking for her subject, "Follow the Gleam."

#### SENIOR

### SENIOR RECITAL

January 15, 1919

	oanuary 10, 1010
I.	The Rising of the Moon Lady Gregory
	Callie Callaway
II.	A Bit of Kansas Leaven Dorothy Canfield
	Esther B. Van Alstyne
III.	It Pays to Advertise Megrue and Hacket
	Dorothy Emmitt Levy
IV.	Sherwood Alfred Noyes
	Oahlee G. Hubbard
V.	Quality Street J. M. Barrie
	Sara E, Lewis
VI.	Her Husband's Wife A. E. Thomas
	Grace Pittman
VII.	Drake Alfred Noyes
	Hilda Loersch

Dorothy Levy has recently given programs at the Parish of the Church of the Epiphany in Winchester; at the Union Congregational Church in Boston; at Camp Sherman, Ohio; at Fort Thomas, Kentucky; and at Chillicothe, Ohio.

Frances Russey read for the Medford Women's Club on January tenth.

Grace Pittman has filled several reading engagements at the Jamaica Pond House.

Beatrice Talmas read in Troy, New York, during the holidays. Carolyn Vance has charge of the Wednesday afternoon Story Hour in the Social Service House on North Bennett Street, Boston.

Mary Mahon and Louise Powers entertained recently at the Point of Pines, Massachusetts.

Mabelle Thresher will assume the leading role in the annual dramatics of the Brockton Woman's Club. She is also coaching a play to be given by the Green Stockings Club of Brockton.

Oahlee Hubbard is conducting a Dramatic Class in the North End Settlement House. She has also given programs in North Cambridge, Atlantic, and in the Eliot Chapel of Roxbury, recently.

Josephine Johnson and Mr. Gage of Brookline gave a program of readings and musical numbers at a joint meeting of the Odd Fellows Auxiliary in Charlestown.

#### JUNIOR

### JUNIOR RECITAL January 23, 1919

- III. Half Past the Eleventh Hour . . . Fannie H. Lee Edna Culp

- IV. The Prince of Court Painters . Constance MacKay
  Agnes A. Mahoney
  - V. Sister Beatrice (Act III) . . . Maurice Maeterlinek Virginia Sherman

Edna Culp told stories at the Hall Street Mission on December twenty-first.

Emelyn Huff gave readings in Malden and in Scituate recently.

Beryl Van Natta is conducting a class at the Bennett Street Settlement House.

Pearl Atkinson recently read at the Sturdy Memorial Hospital in Attleboro. Miss Atkinson also has charge of a class of boys at the Peabody House.

### SOPHOMORE

Octavia Blaisdell read at the Tremont Street Methodist Church on January twenty-first.

Rebecca Berkowitz and Ida Minevitch gave a program at the Home for Jewish Children, December nineteenth.

Lora Stoddard read at the Marlboro Club in Marlboro recently.

Francis McCabe appeared with the Community Players for a week recently in Boston.

Ardis Hackman read at the Students' Union on December fifteenth.

#### FRESHMAN

Eileen O'Brian read for the Elks Lodge in Medford, on the twenty-first of February.

We are glad to welcome Beth Rebhun of Butler, Pennsylvania, to our class.

Venus Ochee gave readings in Franklin, Massachusetts, January twenty-second.

Hazel Davis has been teaching a class of girls in West Lynn on Monday afternoons.

### SORORITIES

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa Gamma Chi extends best wishes to all for a very Happy New Year.

A dinner party was held on the evening of January thirteenth in celebration of Kappa Gamma Chi's birthday. The guests of honor were Dean and Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Southwick, Miss Smith, Miss Penick, Miss Georgette Jette, Miss Jessie Smith, Miss Nettie Hutchins, Miss Eleanor Dunlap and Miss Constance Hastings.

On Sunday afternoon, January nineteenth, a tea was held at the Chapter House, in honor of Miss Georgette Jette, who is now playing in "The Better 'Ole" at the Hollis Street Theatre.

Grace Thorsen, '17, is coaching "Pilate's Daughter," which is the Lenten Drama to be presented at the Mission Church in Boston. Miss Thorsen is also teaching in the Malden High School, and conducting a private studio.

Nettie Hutchins, '17, has accepted the position of private secretary to Dean Ross.

Carolyn Vance read at the Unitarian Church in Framingham on January eighteenth.

Isabel Goheen has been seriously ill with the influenza.

Dorothy Mitchell, '18, is assisting in the Expression Department at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri. Edna Schmitt, '17, is in charge of the Department, and is doing fine work there. The Lindenwood College Bulletin states:

Leah Kendall, '17, is teaching in Waterford, Pennsylvania, and living at home, this year.

Lula Watson is teaching Expression in the Misses Allan's School for Girls in West Newton, on Monday afternoons.

Lucile Hasting was detained at her home in Fargo, North Dakota, because of the illness of her mother.

Elizabeth Field, '18, has been transferred from Washington to New York City, where she is still doing government war work.

Miss Jessie Smith, '16, entertained those members of the sorority who remained in Boston during the Christmas holidays, and their friends, on several occasions during that time.

Ethel Berner read recently in Jamaica Plain, and in East Boston.

Vera Blandford was ill at her home in Hamilton, Ontario, during the Christmas vacation.

Ethel Duncan has presented programs in Braintree, Brookline, Malden, and for the French Club of Dana Hall, Wellesley.

#### ZETA PHI ETA

Zeta Phi Eta wishes all Emersonians and friends a bright and prosperous New Year.

Alpha Chapter of Zeta Phi Eta is happy to welcome Dr. and Mrs. E. Charleton Black as honorary members of the fraternity.

Beulah Folmsbee spent a part of the Christmas vacation in New York with Miss Alice White.

Sylvia Folsom entertained Katherine Smith at her home in Bridgewater during the holidays.

We are happy to announce that Rosemary Hilton has returned after having been called home by the death of her father.

Frances Schulze read recently at the Young Men's Christian Association Hostess House in Chelsea. She has also given readings at the Central Church in Chelsea and at the Girls' City Club on Boylston Street.

Geraldine McGaughan and Ethel Kelley entertained the Fathers' and Mothers' Club at Hotel Vendome with a Marionette Theatre recently. Ethel Kelley took the part of Columbia at a Red Cross benefit in Stoughton.

Mildred Ahlstrom read for the nurses at the Newton Hospital on November thirty-first.

Zeta Phi Eta invites all its friends to tea at the house every other Sunday, beginning January twelfth, from four to six o'clock.

#### PHI MU GAMMA

Phi Mu Gamma extends a hearty welcome to all new Emersonians entering for the second semester.

Helena Collins and Christine West spent a part of the Christmas vacation with Grace Sickles in Sickletown, N. Y.

Sara Lewis filled a reading engagement at her home during Christmas vacation. While at home she saw Edith MacCulley, and "Ede" wishes to be remembered to all Emersonians. Miss Lewis also presented a program for the Sunday evening entertainment hour at the Franklin Square House on January twelfth.

Marjorie Stackhouse filled several reading engagements at home during the Christmas holidays.

On January seventh the children of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum presented Constance MacKay's "The Little Pilgrim's Progress" under direction of Madeline MacNamara.

Mrs. Robert Cutting, formerly Justina Williams, of the class of '20, is spending the winter at Pensacola, Florida, where her husband is an ensign in the Naval Aviation Corps.

Are you interested in Emerson Students?—their activities, their organizations, their daily exercises, their little social events? Then subscribe for the Magazine.



#### EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK

The first meeting of the new year was held January eleventh, at the Twelfth Night Club rooms.

#### PROGRAM

Mrs. Owen Kildare, "The Reconstruction of the Soldier"
Miss Elizabeth Marbury, on a topic of her own selection
Singing by all, conducted by one of the leaders from the
War Camp Community Service

#### ALUMNI NOTES

- '96. Mary B. MacIntyre has been engaged in work for the Young Men's Christian Association during the past few months.
- '04. Lena M. Dickinson is now at the head of the Expression Department of Harden College, Mexico, Missouri.
- '08. Helen Conant, who has been four seasons with the Nellie Gill Players in Vermont, is now touring the South in "The Thirteenth Chair." The Nellie Gill Players are under the direction of Miss Conant and William W. Henry.

- '13. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cunningham announce the marriage of their daughter, Janet Ethelwyn, to Raymond Victor Welbourn, on the twenty-third of December, at Hamilton, Canada.
- '13. The engagement has been announced in Middleton, New York, by Dr. and Mrs. Maurice C. Ashley, of their daughter, Rhea, to Lieutenant H. Pierson Burt of Palermo, California.
- '15. Albert Smith has accepted the position as Head of the Department of Expression in the High School of Hartford, Connecticut.
- '15. Grace Bigler is now teaching in Gloucester, Massachusetts.
- '16. Margaret Akin staged "Jeanne D'Arc" as a play and pageant at San Rafael, California, last June, with much success. Mr. Leon Douglas, inventor of the colored motion pictures, photographed it, but the film has not yet been released. During the summer, Miss Akin acted as Director of the Presidio Playground in San Francisco.
- '17. Carolyn Wells is at the head of the Expression Department in a private school in Calhoun, Alabama.
- '18. The betrothal of Bertha Kaufman to Samuel Kern has been announced.



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### JUDITH OF BETHULIA

T. B. ALDRICH

(An Arrangement)

The story of the play, "Judith of Bethulia," takes place in those ancient days when the Assyrians, endeavoring to capture the Holy City, Jerusalem, are held in check by the little town of Bethulia which guards the pass to Jerusalem. The Assyrians, under the leadership of that mighty Prince and Master, Holofernes, are encamped without the walls of Bethulia. Within the walls are hunger, disease and death. The people goaded to desperation are about to denounce the God of Israel and eat of the sacred corn, but the rulers prevail upon them to wait five days until some message may be received from the high priests who serve before the Lord at Jerusalem. Meanwhile Judith, beautiful wife of the dead King Manasseh, has had a vision in which it is revealed to her that she may become the savior of her people by slaying the barbarian Prince. In spite of the protests of those nearest and dear to her, she leaves the city garbed in her most beautiful and costly robes and accompanied

only by her handmaid, Marah. Together they set out on their journey to the Assyrian camp, where the first scene takes place.

### HOLOFERNES:

O lords and captains, we are put to shame.

How does it happen that a little town,

Stuck like a hornet's nest against a rock,

Checks and defies such mighty hosts as ours?

Till now we swept in triumph thru the land.

All the nations saw our might and cowered—

All, save these dogs of Hebrews, bent the knee.

(Enter Judith and her serving-maid, Marah)

Who breaks upon our councils? Silence all!

Whence comest thou—thy mission and thy name?

Judith of Bethulia, I am called.

### Holofernes (partly aside):

Methought the phantom of some murdered queen Had risen from the ground beneath my feet! What seekest thou within the hostile tents Of Asshur?

### JUDITH:

JUDITH:

Holofernes.

#### HOLOFERNES:

This is he.

### JUDITH:

Most mighty Prince and Master, if indeed Thou art that Holofernes whom I seek And dread in truth to find, see at thy feet A hapless woman who in fear has flown From a doomed people.

### HOLOFERNES:

If thy words are true,
Thou shalt have shelter of our tents, and food
And meet observance, tho our enemy.
Touching thy people, they with tears of blood,
And ashes on their head shall rue the hour

They paid not tribute to our sovereign lord,
The King of Ninevah. But thou shall live.
Judith (rising):

O gracious Prince, I do beseech thee now
Let those that listen stand awhile aloof,
For I have that for thine especial ear
Of import to thee. (The soldiers go out.)
Heed, Holofernes, what I speak this day,
And if the thing I tell thee prove not so,
Let not thy falchion tarry in its sheath,
But seek my heart. Why should thy handmaid live,
Having deceived thee, flower and crown of men!

Holofernes (aside):

This woman's voice falls sweeter on my ear Than the soft laughter of the Assyrian girls.

Oh listen, Holofernes, my sweet lord, And thou shalt rule not only Bethulia, Riched with its hundred altars' crusted gold, But Cades'—Barnes' and Jerusalem, And all the vast hill-land to the blue sea.

I bring to thee the Keys of Israel.

### Holofernes:

Speak, for I needs must hearken to thy words. Judith:

Know then, O Prince, it is our yearly use
To lay aside the first fruits of the grain,
And so much oil, so many skins of wine,
Which, being sanctified, are held intact
For the High Priests who serve before the Lord
In the great temple at Jerusalem.
This holy food—which even to touch is death—
The people would lay hands on, being starved;
And they have sent a runner to the Priests
Begging permit to eat the sacred corn.
'Twill not be granted them, as time will prove.
Yet will they eat it. Then shalt thou behold

The arches tumbling headlong from the walls, And the strong captains tottering like old men Stricken with palsy. Then, O mighty Prince, Then with thy trumpets blaring doleful doom, And thy proud banners waving in the wind, With squares of men and eager clouds of horse Thou shalt sweep down upon them, and strike Them dead.

### HOLOFERNES:

The picture, sorceress, lives before my eyes! Judith:

But now, my lord, ere this shall come to pass,
Five days must wane, for they touch not the food
Until the Jew Obijah shall return
With the Priests' message. Here beneath thy tents,
O Holofernes, would I dwell the while,
Asking but this, that I and my handmaid
Each night at the sixth hour may egress have
Into the valley, undisturbed to pray.
I would not be thy prisoner, but thy guest.

### HOLOFERNES:

Thou shalt be free to come and go, and none Shall stay thee, nor molest thee, these five days. And if, O rose of women, the event Prove not dwarf beside the prophecy, Then has the sun not looked upon thy like, Thy name shall be as honey on men's lips; And thou shalt dwell with me in Ninevah, In Ninevah, the city of the gods!

JUDITH (making half imperceptible clutch at her bosom):
Oh, who am I that should gainsay my lord?
Holofernes:

Even as thou wilt,
O fair Samarian. My slave shall come
To do thy bidding. (*Exit* Holofernes.)

### JUDITH:

Oh, Marah, is it night, and do I dream,

Is this the dread Assyrian rumor paints?

MARAH:

Mistress, he looks not what we pictured him. Judith:

Is he not statured as should be a king?
Beside our tallest captain, this brave Prince
Towers like the palm above the olive tree.
A gentle Prince, with gracious words and ways.
How sayest thou?

### MARAH:

A gentle prince he is—
To look on. I misdoubt his ways and words.

Judith:

And I, O Marah, I would trust him not.

My heart is cold with terror. What step next?

I seem to wander in a land of dream,
So all my plan lies tangled in my brain.

How stands the matter? I have gained five days
In which to act, and in the interval

May come and go unchallenged by the guard.

Thus far God lights me. All the rest is dark.

(On the third day of the promised five days of freedom, Holofernes, ill and troubled in mind, sends the slave Bagoas to bring Judith to his tent.)

### HOLOFERNES:

All day have I been haunted by a dream
That in the breathless middle of the night
Robbed sleep of its refreshment. In my thought
I found myself in a damp catacomb
Searching by torchlight for my own carved name
On a sarcophagus; and as I searched,
A file of wailing shapes drew slowly near.
The hates and passions of my early youth
Became substantial and immortal things
With tongues to blazon forth each hidden crime.
Then terror fell upon me who have known
Neither terror nor remorse, and I awoke.

The dream still frets me, still unstrings my heart. Is it an omen sent me by the gods?

Oh, I am ill and troubled in the mind.

This Hebrew woman shall beguile my gloom;

The hour should bring her if she have not fled.

(Enter Judith attended by Marah and Bagoas.)

### JUDITH:

No further, thou. Go hide thee in the wood
Hard by, and when I call thee, come.

(Marah goes out, and Judith follows Bagoas into the tent of Holofernes.)

### HOLOFERNES:

The course has wearied thee, so rest thee here, O Heart's desire, upon this leopard skin. From out the jungle by the Ganges side The creature leapt on me; and now I bear The trophy ever with me in my wars—A kind of talisman. Meanwhile it makes A throne whereon a haughty queen might sit.

### JUDITH:

No queen am I, but only thy handmaid. Holofernes:

Ere now a handmaid has become a queen. Judith:

To serve thee is to reign. I keep my state
And am most jealous of my servitude.
This night, O Prince, no other slave than I
Shall wait on thee with meat and fruit and wine,
And fetch the scented water for thy hands,
And spread the silvered napkin on thy knee.
So subtle am I, I shall know thy wish
Ere thou canst speak it.

### HOLOFERNES:

Thou hearest, O Bagoas, what she says?
Another hath usurped thee. Get thee gone,
Son of the midnight, and send us presently.
The Arab girls, and he that plays the lute.

(Bagoas goes out and while Holofernes divests of his breastplate and hangs his falchion on a peg inside the tent, Judith fills a flagon with wine into which she hastily drops the contents of a little metal box.)

### JUDITH (aside):

O thou who lovest Israel, give me strength
And cunning such as never woman had,
That my deceit may be his stripe and scar,
My kiss, his swift destruction! If the drug
Works not its magic on him, then—what then!

(She returns to the settle, and kneeling presents the cup.)

### HOLOFERNES:

Richer the wine is for those slender hands
And the gold bangle slipping down the wrist.
What a rare slave thou art!
A helmet heaped with pearls in the marketplace
Could buy thee not from me. How shall I make
Thy chains seem lighter? Our chance-builded camp
Hath little entertainment in its stores;
But I have brought my troop of dancing girls
From Ninevah, and they shall dance for us,
And one among them that hath a voice shall sing

A love song that a Persian poet made.

(Enter a troop of Arab girls who prostrate themselves before Judith and Holofernes and then fall to dancing. At the conclusion of the dance a soft music is heard, and thru the night air there throbs a passionate song of the Orient.)

### JUDITH (aside):

A strange new look has crept into his face.

He listened to the music as a man

That strains his ear to catch some distant sound

Whose meaning baffles him. What is 't, my lord?

HOLOFERNES:

### Thy coming chased the blackness of my day, But now the heaviness that clouded me Has come again,

### JUDITH:

The music saddened thee.

### HOLOFERNES:

Not so. I am not fashioned like a harp That some chance touch may sadden or make glad. That pungent scent of burning sandal wood, Or the dull opiate of those wilted flowers Hath drowsed me. Let me rest a moment. It will pass.

### JUDITH:

Lie there, my Prince, I will keep watch and ward.

### HOLOFERNES:

And sit thou there,
Thou of the dove's eyes and the proud swan's throat;
Thy tresses give out odors of the rose.
Thy breath upon my cheek is as the air
Blown from some far-off grove of cinnamon.
Fairer art thou than the night's one star—(smiling)
Thou makest me a poet with thine eyes.

### JUDITH:

Sweet Prince, I have forgot my office;
See, the flagon's empty. I'll go fetch thee wine.
Oh save me, Lord, from that dark, cruel Prince,
And from mine own self, save me! for this man,
A worshipper of senseless carven gods,
Slayer of babes upon the mother-breast,
He, even he, hath by some conjurer's trick,
Or by his heathen beauty, in me stirred
Such pity as unnerves the lifted hand.
O let not my hand fail me, in Thy name!
Drink this, my lord.

### Holofernes (arms about her):

In the full compass of my thirty years, At no one time have I so drunk such wine. Sweet vision, 'tis a medicine that cures. Grief will it cure and every ill, save love. Who first did think to press it from the grape? (Stares vacantly into space.)

### JUDITH:

My lord, I know a pleasant thoughted verse,
An old-time legend of an ancient king,
The first on earth that ever tasted wine,
Who tasted, and from him cast the grief called life.
Holofernes (confusedly):

Say on, I hear thee, tho thy voice seems far. Art going? Nay, I see thou hast not stirred. I am the plaything of vain fantasies.

### JUDITH (recites):

The small green grapes in heavy clusters grew, Feeding on mystic moonlight and white dew And amber sunshine the long summer thru.

Till with a faint tremor in her veins, the Vine Felt the delicious pulses of the wine And the grapes ripened in the year's decline.

And day by day the virgins watched their change, And when, at last, beyond the horizon's marge The harvest moon droopt beautiful and large,

The subtle spirit in the grape was caught, And to the dying monarch brought In a great cup fantastically wrought.

Of this he drank, then straightway from his brain Went the weird malady, and once again He walked the palace, free of scar or pain—

But strangely changed, for somehow he had lost Body and voice; the courtiers, as he crossed The royal chambers, whispered,—the King's Ghost. (The arm of Holofernes slips from his breast, and the flagon falls to the floor.)

My lord? He sleeps! Unending be his dream. (She goes outside the tent and turns at the doorway to gaze at the sleeping prince.) The ignoble slumber that has fettered him Robs not his pallid brow of majesty, Nor from the curved lip takes away the scorn. Bagoas shall not waken him at dawn! Oh, broken sword of proof! O prince betrayed! In me he trusted, he who trusted none. I did not longer dare to look on him Lest I should lose my reason thru my eyes. This man—this man, had he been of my race, And I a maid, and we two had met— What visions mock me! Some ancestral sin Hath left a taint of madness in my brain. Were I not I, I would unbind my hair And let the tresses cool his fevered cheek And take him in my arms—Oh, am I mad? Yonder the watch-fires flare upon the walls Like red hands pleading to me thru the dark. There famished women weep and have no hope. The moan of children moaning in the streets Tears at my heart—Oh God! have I a heart! Why do I falter? Thou that rulest all, Hold not Thy favor from me that I seek This night to be Thy instrument! Dear Lord, Look down on me, a widow of Judea, A feeble thing unless Thou sendest strength! A woman such as I slew Sisera. The hand that pierced his temple with a nail Was soft and gentle like to mine, a hand Molded to press a babe against her heart. Thou didst sustain her. Oh, sustain Thou me, That I may free Thy chosen from their chains. Each sinew in my body turns to steel, My pulses quicken, I no longer fear! My prayer has reached Him sitting there on high.

The hour has come I dreamed of—
(She rushes wildly into the tent, and a moment later reappears, bearing in her outstretched hand an unsheathed falchion.)
This for thee, O Israel, my people,
This for thee!

### A PRAYER

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load.

And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live,—
God make me worthy of my friends!

### **EVOLUTION**

Out of the dark a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead cold ashes,
Life again.

### HINTS ON AMATEUR STAGE WORK

BY MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

There is, perhaps, no form of entertainment that is more often attempted than the presentation by amateurs of some classical or modern play, and none that gives more pleasure to both participant and listener. It is doubtful whether there is any form of training that can do more, in the same length of time, towards overcoming self-consciousness in the student of dramatic art. The effort to reveal an identity other than one's self, to assume "phases of character" and "states of emotion" foreign to one's self tends to put the uncomfortable self into the background and to bring the comfortable self into the foreground.

It is the aim of this article to offer some suggestive hints that may prove to be helpful in the process of preparation which should precede the presentation of a dramatic work.

"The play's the thing." A word of caution, then, may well be given at the outset,—that one should not let his "ambition o'erleap itself" in the selection of a play. This word in no sense excludes the plays of Shakespeare, or the old comedies, but rather points to them. Such plays do not depend for their successful presentation upon scenic display and elaborateness of detail, conditions which amateurs find it difficult to obtain. It is against the play which depends upon theatrical facilities that this caution is directed. It does not require much skill to work out the little tricks that are used in creating effects. such as hoof-beats, the rumble of carriage wheels, the patter of rain, the slam of a door, thunder and lightning, or the swash of waves; but "this overdone or come tardy off," as is frequently the case, reveals the unskilful and makes "the judicious grieve." The eye demands that the illusion of reality shall be sustained in the matter of stage settings, as well as elsewhere, and much that is ridiculous may be avoided if, in the choice of a play, care is taken to have simplicity in mounting and in mechanical effects.

It is well, generally, to choose such plays as stock companies

present, plays with evenly balanced parts. In these the difficulties will be avoided that so frequently arise from petty jealousies over prominent parts which can be given to but one or two persons.

It is of great importance that material should be chosen to which it will be worth while to devote much time, particularly if the presentation is to be representative of the work of a department in an academy or college, or is to stand for the ambition and achievement of a club. Knotty (and naughty) problem plays should be shunned. No attempt should be made to solve them. "Leave them to heaven and to those thorns that in their bosom lodge to prick and sting" them. Effort should be made to combine popular appeal in the theme with bright comedy and the pictorially human.

After the momentous question of choosing the play has been settled comes the casting of the parts. This is a critical time for the coach,—critical in more than one sense of the word, especially if he does the assigning. In choosing the players, three points are to be taken into consideration: temperament, appearance and voice. Appearance in amateur work, and for that matter, in much professional work of the day, much as it obviously limits the development of versatility, is made quite the most important of the three. It is well worth considering that the leading woman should be taller and have a more dignified manner than the soubrette or ingénue. Also that the leading man should be taller than the leading woman. It is, of course, possible that a short man may fall in love with a tall woman, these things do occur in life, and the appeal to the eye should by no means over-balance the desire to secure the ablest possible interpretation of the parts. On the other hand, it is true that in the theatrical world the heart of the hearer is reached and convinced thru three mediums: sight, hearing and an instinctive sense that recognizes reality and discriminates between art and artifice. It has been said that the comedian in life should be the tragedian dramatically, and vice versa. If we do not fully accept this view, we may at least agree that it will not do to settle the question of one's fitness for dramatic impersonation by the personal appearance alone. So if your shorter man can play the part with the tall woman, or the tall man with the short woman, the parts should be given to them rather than run the risk of having the shortcoming fall in a more critical place, namely, in the power of convincing interpretation.

The first rehearsal is the next thing to consider. of the success of the future rehearing depends upon the impression created by this first rehearsal. Nothing here can equal the importance of harmony and enthusiasm on the part of the cast. As a means to this desirable end, nothing will go farther than such familiarity with the play on the part of the coach, that he may, by a suggestive impersonation of each character, visualize for the players the role to be attempted by each. The company must be inspired with confidence in the coach and admiration for the play. Twenty-five rehearsals are not too many for a four-act play. At the second rehearsal the business of the first act should be mapped out, business in general, such as entrance and exit, crosses and dominant bits of action. At the third rehearsal, the second act should be covered in like manner; at the fourth, the third act; at the fifth, the fourth act. Details in business develop constantly throughout the progress of rehearsals. The fifth rehearsal should be a "fireside conference rehearsal." By this time the study given to the play should enable the players to give a fairly clear subjective analysis of character, and at this time, instead of stage business, the rehearsal should be given over to character discussions, with additional light supplemented by the coach. The plot and motivation of character should be clarified and every effort possible made to prevent groping in the dark by the players. The first five or six rehearsals usually move very slowly and laboriously. But no discouragement should be felt even though there be failure to see really marked growth before the tenth.

After the characters are analyzed, all that is said and done must be developed consistently, as expressions of each type under varying conditions. The players should be guarded against any tendency to imitate the coach. Every aid should be given to quicken and to stimulate the active imagination and sympathy of the actor, but he must be allowed sufficient freedom to develop his own style. The student must never be allowed to think that he can substitute the labor of the director for his own personal struggle and effort, or the educational value of amateur theatrical work is doomed. The result of imitation without assimilation is the stalking through the play of the idiosyncracies of the director—"motley accourrement"—high lighted by the particular point of view of the interpreter. "A thin veneer of polish on a solid block of ignorance" is not the aim of educational amateur theatricals. Acting considered as an art is not imitation, but interpretation which affords opportunities of being creative.

At the sixth rehearsal, act first should be called and work in detail should be begun; at the seventh, the second act should be called in like manner; at the eighth, act third; at the ninth, act fourth; and at the tenth, the entire play should be run, to test the state of the whole. At this rehearsal, however, no endeavor should be made to work out new business, but the coach should convince himself and the company of the feebleness or strength of their effort, as a unit, in order that their energy may be renewed and redoubled.

Throughout the remaining rehearsals the following schedule is suggested: Eleventh, acts one and two work in detail; twelfth, acts three and four work in detail; thirteenth, the entire play; fourteenth, acts one and two in detail; fifteenth, acts three and four in detail; sixteenth, the entire play; seventeenth, act one and particular situation of any other that needs special attention; eighteenth, act two and another particular situation; nineteenth, act three and particular situation; twentieth, act four and particular situation; twenty-first, entire play; twenty-second, acts one and two; twenty-first, entire play; twenty-fourth, entire play; twenty-fifth, dress rehearsal, costumes, props and all effects to be used at production. During all rehearsals, after the first rough outlining of the business, some object should be used wherever a "prop" is demanded, that the action may take on the quality of a habit. Do not

trust to pantomiming such business. A plan of campaign like the above holds both cast and coach to preparing definite work, that definite ground may be covered each day; and often does away with calling the entire cast for every rehearsal, since all may not be included in each act.

The purpose of frequent rehearsing of the play, as a whole, is obviously to develop dramatic unity. To prevent an unbalanced and uneven performance, with heights and drops, the cast needs to be familiar with the logical development of the theme.

The coach should not ask for parts to be memorized before the rehearsals begin. After the business has been marked out and the actor feels acquainted with the character, and somewhat comfortable and at home in the assumption, will be time for him to memorize the acts in logical order. This should be not later than the sixth rehearsal, at which time the act called should be memorized. Get rid of the manuscript as soon as possible.

Acting has its conventions and they will differ according to the form of the drama presented. When the form is poetical and the motive heroic or romantic, the conventions must involve a broader and more highly colored method than when the form is prose and the motive to depict ordinary life. However realistic the motive, acting must retain its character of being an art; and in approximating to nature the best acting is distinguished by economy of means; suggestion represents the highest standard.

During the period of training after the plot is clearly comprehended and the characters are analyzed, the development of business should be guided by four tests: definiteness, naturalness—"naturalness plus the ideal"—variety and picturesqueness.

One of the most obvious stamps of the amateur is the nonchalant manner in which he indefinitely strolls about the stage erroneously thinking that this vague wandering indicates ease and freedom. He should be trained to go from one given point to another with a definite purpose and a limited sphere for action, often actually counting the number of steps necessary for a given effect. Another sign of the amateur is the way in which a cross is taken. The inexperienced will almost invariably sidle or back into place with one eye cocked over the shoulder, thus giving in effect the fear that his companion in misery may evaporate during the operation.

Still another is the bent head, with "eye scanning the ground as if in search of a lost pocketbook." In "straight" work the normal position and carriage should be demanded, with the altitude of the eye such that it seems capable of perceiving all in the situation to which it relates itself. No little time should be given to the manner of entering and leaving the stage. It is a good general rule to follow, to be near an exit before the cue to leave the scene has actually been reached. Unless a definite point is to be made of the action itself, for the purpose of illumination, the covering of a great distance on the stage before the exit, after the last words of a speech have been given, should be avoided. The entrance of a character must be an addition to the atmosphere of the situation, otherwise the character has no purpose or reason for coming upon the scene. Action should never be created for action's sake. should be a constant return to the text, where there will be found all impulses for action, either in the words themselves or in the demand for an illumination of the type of being portraved, as it acts and reacts upon itself, upon its associates and upon its environment.

While being addressed by another, silent characters should be taught to be expressive listeners and to reflect through dramatic response the impressions being received from the one speaking, that the replies may grow out of those impressions and not seem a mere building upon the verbal cues. In really fine acting, the body is as instinct with movement in passive phases, when the actor is listening, as in the active moments of speaking.

It is to be remembered that stage up and down is as usable as stage from right to left; the tendency of amateurs is to play too much up stage. One of the most practical of directors used to say, "Come into the sun!" which meant play below center rather than above. To break the monotony of much necessary straight crossing, it is well to practise using the stage diagonally. With the exception of opera, where solo work is done, and broad farce, where a very close relation to the audience may be sustained, no action should occur below curtain line. The apron of the stage should be as small as possible. The proscenium is the frame for the picture, and action that throws one out of the frame destroys the relation of the part to the whole picture. Through length of line in action is power and beauty. Stage turns that are not cramped should be worked out. With women, where much depends, so far as the picturesque is concerned, upon the manipulation of gowns and drapery, this is particularly important. Careful work and much time must be given to the manner of approaching a seat and dropping into it.

Many bright hits upon stage traditions appear from time to time, such as "Be sure to sit on the table, if one is in the room." This is a stage tradition that must be preserved inviolate. Of course gentlemen do not sit on drawing-room tables in real life; but that has nothing to do with the case. "After drinking stage wine always smack the lips and emit a loud 'Ah!" If this occurs in comedy rub the stomach at the same time. Always rub the hands together before receiving stage money; also rub the hands before sitting down to a stage meal." These are a few of many absurd stage mannerisms.

In groupings the art principle that the unity of the part may be sacrificed for the unity of the group, holds good. This is often noticeable in pictures that are formed for but a fraction of time. Care should be exercised that the pictures upon which the curtain is rung down shall be illuminative, forceful and sustained.

For amateurs, tableaux curtain calls seem most satisfactory. Much depends upon the tempo in which a play is rehearsed. It is as fatal to use the tempo of a pastoral drama in a farce comedy as it would be to attempt to set dance music to the time of a dirge. Skilful "cuing in" and successful timing of bits of business aids the movement of the whole.

One of the most important elements in any art is atmosphere,

—atmosphere, that subtle, illusive, intangible something that we all recognize, and feel, but which, like a will-o-the-wisp, can hardly be said to be here or there, and yet is everywhere, an irresistible influence that envelops all. It is gained, theatrically, through skilful manipulation of stage paraphernalia; and dramatically through clear and sympathetic conception, consistently sustained impersonation and artistic execution. No matter how clear the idea may be in the mind of the actor, no matter how well sustained the impersonation, there must be art in the execution or the result will fail to create the illusion of reality.

Another of the most important features of a successful presentation is the costuming. Here correctness is an essential, a thing that is easily possible since all public libraries have illustrated histories, and some have books with colored plates of costumes, of the various nations and periods. The coach should make a careful study of all such helps, that the costumer to whom he may write or upon whom he may call shall respect his knowledge, and so be the more likely to serve him well in the matter of careful detail.

It seems unneccessary to dwell for a moment even upon the importance of the color scheme. Most of us are sensitive enough to realize the value of harmonious coloring. But it should be insisted upon that the colors, though they may not smile at each other, shall not scream, but shall at least patiently endure one another. Especial care should be taken to recognize the need of modifications in style for the sake of becomingness, to meet any exigencies of the situation, and for the eternal fitness of things.

Among the many fascinating details attendant upon a theatrical presentation is the "make-up." If a professional is not to be employed to do this, the individual taking part in the play should be encouraged to experiment with himself until the desired effect is obtained, and then to practise frequently, to perfect the work so well begun; always bearing in mind that the secret of the successful make-up is the looking like the character portrayed, without the bald evidence of grease-paint, lining pencils and putty. The aim should be to have the effect seem natural to those in the audience who are seated half-way back in the orchestra. Any distance front of this line cannot be held to the test of naturalness. The number and power of the stage lights, as well as the size of the auditorium, will of course regulate the brilliance of coloring.

Thus far the appeal to the eye has been our main consideration. "Lest we forget" the importance of the spoken word, let us emphasize the fact that every one of the visible effects must be related to the audible ones. Length of line in reading is quite as important as in action and is necessary for projection and carrying power. Melodic, radiated and rhythmic speech is dependent upon enlarged vowel moulds, the recognition of the relative values existing between consonant and vowel elements, and tone variations. Desirable as it may be, correct speech is not enough, one may be absolutely correct and fail utterly to be artistic in speech—nay, he may even become pedantic and annoying. Love of one's mother tongue will help to quicken the desire to reveal its possible beauties. Beauty of diction is as essential as harmonious and unified action.

A continued study of the drama and an endeavor to interpret a range of characters should have a broadening influence upon the individual. The perspective that helps one to grasp and comprehend the motives and impulses that actuate the beings of the drama should develop a clearer understanding, a more tolerant spirit, a deeper sympathy, a more patient helpfulness towards those whom we find beside us daily, struggling and falling, yielding and overcoming in the great drama of life.

### GIRLS' RECREATION

#### A PROFESSION FOR COLLEGE WOMEN

Recreation as an essential need in the lives of the people was demonstrated during the great war. The leisure time of thousands of soldiers was organized efficiently, planned on a big scale and supervised by trained leaders. Girls all over the country were organized in groups for dancing and other entertainments for soldiers. This war time experience has opened the way to develop community recreation all over the country.

The new vision in community recreation demands that it be democratic, all inclusive and well organized. Applying these principles to the reconstruction period, when industrial unrest, labor standards and unemployment are making life hard for the worker—soldier no more then working girl—is a need of the hour, and requires trained leadership. To meet this need in the field of girls' recreation work, the National League of Women Workers, a federation of non-sectarian, self-governing girls' clubs, in co-operation with Columbia University, offers a five weeks' training course in organization and leadership of girls' club work. The course will be given at Columbia University, New York City, May 12 to June 14, 1919.

There is a large and constantly increasing demand for trained workers to act as organizing secretaries for girls' recreation. Last fall the National League of Women Workers conducted a recreation course with special stress on war service, the students from which were practically all placed in good positions before the course was half over. The University now adds this to its regular curriculum under the Department of Extension Teaching. The course is planned along such inclusive lines as to train for all forms of girls' club work. It will include Lectures, Field Work and Round Table Discussions leading to a certificate of work, issued to satisfactory students by the University.

Students, successfully completing the course, will be listed with various placement agencies specializing in social service. Applicants must have had two years of college training or some experience in social work and a high school diploma.

Prospectus of the course may be had from the Extension Teaching Office, 301 University Hall, Columbia University, New York City.

Miss Jean Hamilton, general secretary of the National League of Women Workers, will have direct supervision of the course. Miss Hamilton, who is a Vassar graduate, has had wide experience in organizing self-governing clubs for girls and is a close student of reconstruction conditions as they affect wage-earning women. Speakers from various national organizations in the field of girls' work will lecture on their special subjects. Students who take this course will have the benefit of the modern ideas and thoroughly democratic viewpoint which the National League of Women Workers stands for among recreation workers. Non-sectarianism, self-government and self-support for girls' clubs and inclusion of both boys and girls in many forms of community recreation are among the interesting policies of the National League.

The National League offers this course to meet a real and widespread need for capable recreation workers. It points out that young women choosing this field as a profession may be instrumental in reducing labor unrest among wage-earning girls. They may serve the community by making recreation centers strong Americanization forces, as well as places of sociability, educational advantage and neighborly interest.

The president of the National League of Women Workers which has a membership of 15,000 girls in 125 clubs is Mrs. Bernard E. Pollak, of New York; the first vice-president is Mrs. Henry Ollesheimer of New York and the treasurer is Miss Marie Lauer, New York. National headquarters are at 35 East Thirtieth Street.

# The Poet's Corner

### THE GOLDEN HEART

I had a heart as good as gold
For spending or for buying;
It bought me many a hand to hold
And many a breath for sighing.

It brought me many a mouth to kiss,
And many a secret token—
But what's the good of all of this
Now that my heart is broken!

My heart that once, as good as gold, Bought anything that mattered Is like a tale completely told, Like golden money scattered . . .

But somewhere there's a heart so young
It still can spare for spending
Will sing the song that I have sung,
Beginning with my ending.

-Witter Bynner.

### DAY AND NIGHT

Thru my heart's palace Thoughts unnumbered throng; And there, most quiet and, as a child, most wise. High-throned you sit, and gracious. All day long Great Hopes gold-armoured, jester Fantasies, And pilgrim Dreams, and little beggar Sighs. Bow to your benediction, go their way. And the grave jewelled courtier Memories Worship and love and tend you, all the day.

But when I sleep, and all my thoughts go straying, When the high session of the day is ended, And darkness comes; then, with the waning light, By lilied maidens on your way attended, Proud from the wonted throne, superbly swaying, You, like a queen, pass out into the night.

-Rupert Brooke.

### WINDOWS

The windows of the place wherein I dwell
I will make beautiful. No garish light
Shall enter crudely; but with colors bright,
And warm and throbbing I will weave a spell,
In rainbow harmony the theme to tell
Of sage and simple, saint and noble knight,
Beggar and king who fought the gallant fight,
These shall transfigure even my poor cell.

But when the shadows of the night begin,
And sifted sunlight falls no more on me,
May I have learned to light my lamp within;
So that the passing world may look and see
Still the same radiance, tho' with paler hue,
Of the sweet lives that help men to live true.

### THE FIRST BLUEBIRD

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then—
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard
To wake up—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of spring!—
Mother she'd raised the winder some—
And in acrost the orchard come,
Soft as an angel's wing,
A breezy, treezy, beezy hum,
Too sweet for anything!

The winter's shroud was rent—
The sun burst forth in glee,
And when that bluebird sung, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!

-James Whitcomb Riley.

### WOOD SONG

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk
Twirl three notes and make a star—
My heart that walked with bitterness
Came back from very far.

Three shining notes were all he had, And yet they made a starry call— I caught life back against my breast And kissed it, scars and all,

-Sara Teasdale,

### YOUTH

I shall remember then,
At twilight time or in the hush of dawn,
Or yet, mayhap, when on a straying wind
The scent of lilac comes, or when
Some strain of music startles and is gone.
Old dreams, old roses, all so far behind,
Blossoms and birds and ancient shadow-trees,
Whispers at sunset, the low hum of bees,
And sheep that graze beneath a summer sun,
Will they too come, they who in yester-year
Walked the same paths and in the first of Spring,
And shall I hear
Their distant voices murmuring?

I shall remember then
When youth is done,
With the dim years grown gray;
And I shall wonder what it is that ends,
And why they seem so very far away—
Old dreams, old roses—and old friends.

-Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

### AN OLD SONG

Low blowing winds from out a midnight sky,
The falling embers and a kettle's croon—
These three, but oh, what sweeter lullaby
Ever awoke beneath the winter's moon.

We know of none the sweeter, you and I,
And oft we've heard together that old tune—
Low blowing winds from out a midnight sky,
The falling embers and a kettle's croon.



President Southwick is away on a professional trip, giving programs in New York City, Wellsville, and Niagara Falls, New York; in Mansfield, Philadelphia, and Indiana, Pennsylvania; and in New Brunswick and Heighttown, New Jersey.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Mrs. Puffer upon the death of her brother.

Mrs. Southwick is making an extended reading tour in the South.

Mrs. Meade has spoken to us at the chapel hour for several successive Friday mornings upon the subject of the "League of Nations."

One of the most interesting lectures of the year was given us by Mr. Donald B. MacMillan on the subject of his explorations in the North. Mr. MacMillan was with Commander Peary at the discovery of the North Pole, and has since spent four years in the frozen north. The following is an extract taken from an article which appeared in *The Independent* in nineteen hundred and ten:

"Donald B. MacMillan loves the sea and all that concerns it. He would rather taste the salt spray swept into his face from the crest of some wave than sit down to an elaborate feast. This love of the sea was born in him, for his father and grandfather were old Scotch sailing masters. It had been Mr. MacMillan's fondest hope that some day he might be a member of an expedition to the North Pole."

# The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

### EDITORIAL STAFF

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Nos. 4 and 5.

### EDITORIAL

A few years ago I started a scrap book *about* books. In it I wrote all the passages I liked most, and sometimes on a rainy day, I turn to my book and read them over again. Today I found one that I have loved most, and so I share it here with you.

"The quiet hours before one's fire, with one's books at hand, the long ramble along the woodland road—these make one free to brood over the thoughts that come unbidden, to follow them step by step to their unseen goals and to drink in the subtle and invisible influences of the hour when one gives one's self up to it. There is nothing in all the rich and deep experience of life so full of quiet joy, so freighted with the revelations of the things we seek with completest sincerity, as these pauses of solitude in the ceaseless stir and movement of the world."

-From "My Study Fire," by Hamilton Wright Mabie.



#### SENIOR

Esther B. Van Alstyne read at the Union Congregational Church recently.

Grace Pitman filled reading engagements at Roxbury, Cambridge, and Jamaica Plain during the past month.

Ruth Stokes spoke at St. Mark's Literary Open Forum, and at Mount Bellingham Epworth League on "India in Modern Progress," and also read "Saul" at the home of Professor Rolfe.

Sara Lewis read at the Franklin Square House February eleventh.

During the past month Dorothy Levy has read at Hale House, People's Temple, and at a Chinese Sunday School Party.

Josephine Johnson recently read for the Girls' City Club in Practical Arts High School of Roxbury.

Ruth Stokes recently coached the members of the Somerville High School Debating Club with such success that they won in a contest with Brookline High School.

On February tenth the Senior Class presented Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" in Jacob Sleeper Hall with the following cast:

Speaker of the	e Pro	logue			Miss Lillian Lewis
A Citizen					. Miss Harrison
His Wife					. Miss Hubbard
					Miss Levy
					. Miss Phillips
					Miss Hogle
					Miss Sayles
					. Miss Van Alstyne

Merrythought .			Miss Thresher
Jasper, his Son .			Miss Loersch
Michael, his Son .			
Tim, Apprentice .			
George, Apprentice			
Host of the Bell Inn			Miss Johnson
Tapster			
Barber			
Sergeant			Miss Lewis
William Hammerton			Miss Stackhouse
George Greengoose			
			Misses Talmas, Okman,
			Powers
Gentlemen			Misses Ahlstrom, Calla-
			way, Folmsbee, Lynch,
			Sara Lewis, McNamara
Luce, Daughter of Ver	ature	ewell	Miss Folsom
			Miss Cutting
Pompiona, Daughter of			
of Moldavia			Miss Powers

Scene: London and the neighboring country, excepting
Act IV, Scene 2, where it is in Moldavia.

### SENIOR RECITAL

# Wednesday, January 29, 1919

I.	Barbara Frietchie
	Lillian Lewis
II.	Saul Browning
	Ruth Stokes
III.	The Fourteenth of July, 1789 Romain Rolland
	Madeline MacNamara
IV.	The Maid of France Harold Brighouse
	Helen Aurand

### SENIOR RECITAL

### Wednesday, February 19, 1919

- I. What Every Woman Knows . . .  $J.\ M.\ Barrie$  Louise Powers
- II. The Faith Healer . . . William Vaughn Moody  ${\bf Zilpha\ Johnson}$
- III. A French-Canadian Dialect Group

William Henry Drummond

### Vera Helene Blandford

- V. The Betrothal . . . . . . Maeterlinek

#### JUNIOR

Emelyn Huff read at the Congregational Church in Malden recently

Kathleen Pate read in Mount Vernon, New York, during the March vacation.

Mary Glenn Phillips read at the School of Practical Arts in Roxbury, February twenty-fifth.

Marguerite Porter read at the Belmont Street Baptist Church in Belmont on February twenty-second.

The Junior Prom was held at Hotel Vendome on the evening of February twenty-fifth.

#### JUNIOR RECITAL

### Thursday, January 30, 1919

- I. The Citizen . . . . . James Francis Dwyer Sara Anne Hathaway
- II. Seventeen . . . . . . Booth Tarkington

  Mae H. Baker

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III.	Holly Tree Inn Dickens
IV.	Florence Marie Pettijohn The Jealous Ventriloquist
V.	Mrs. Wadleigh's Guest Aliee Brown  Myra Marsh
VI.	Cherry Blossoms Sutphen  Marvel A. Griggs
	JUNIOR RECITAL
	Thursday, February 6, 1919
I.	My Son Roland Pertwee Pearl Atkinson
II.	Playing with Fire Percival Wilde Pansy Wood
III.	The Dare Devil Maria Daviess Leila Watson
IV.	As You Like It, Act I, Scene 3 Shakespeare Margaret Strunk
V.	Change J. O. Frances Gretchen Dillenbeck
	Junior Week
	Tuesday, February 18, 1919
SONG	Junior Marshall, Leila Watson
	Wednesday, February 19
	THE WISHING WELL
	By Catherine Croswell Perry
	Cast of Characters
Christ	gue Millis Caverly ie McTavish, leader of Clan Pansy Wood Spirit of Dreams Emmelyn Huff

Geord Order Ian M Tamm Gertic Other	Spirit of Dreams Wilnetta Sproul lie Duncan, Christie's lover Lucile Morris ly Francis McCabe IcDougal, the villain Evelyn Stephens has McSwattie Marie Pettijohn e McSwattie, his wife Marvel Griggs Members of of Clan . Kathleen Pate, Agnes Mahoney Rosemary Hilton, Naomi Williams he: August, 1914. Place: Somewhere in Scotland.
	JUNIOR RECITALS
	Thursday, February 20
I.	Kentucky Cardinal James Lane Allen Myrtle Hawthorne
II.	When Love and Duty Meet May Ellis Nichols Orrelle Gray
III.	Mirandy on Marryin' fo' a Livin' . Dorothy Dix Mary Glenn Phillips
IV.	~
V.	Mater Percy MacKaye  Marguerite Porter
VI.	Sir Jasper Forgets Ella Marie Williams
	THE COWARD

# Friday, February 21

# A One-Act Play by Bernice L. Caswell

### Characters

Sonia Voitski, a Bolshevik leader		. Frances Schulze
Michael, accomplice of Sonia .		Gretchen Dillenbeck
Ivan, accomplice of Sonia		. Abbie Casey
Marnia, the coward		Virginia Sherman
Duke Nicholas Borkin, a Russian	patriot	. Frieda Viljoen

General H. Hagvonman, German commander of Russia

Myra Marsh

First German Guard . . . . . . Ruth Parker Second German Guard . . . Mary Glenn Phillips

Period: The Present.

Place: Sonia Voitski's house in Russia.

#### SOPHOMORE

Huey Geiger and Nan Oliff entertained at Camp Devens February twenty-sixth.

Marguerite Hall presented a program at the Young Men's Christian Association in Charlestown recently.

Polly Collins coached the play, "A Strenuous Afternoon," in the Methodist Church at Cambridge.

Mary Borax read for the children of the Abraham Lincoln School in Boston recently.

Ida Minevitch read for the soldiers at Camp Devens February fourteenth, and also entertained the returned wounded soldiers at Parker Hill Hospital.

Eunice Vining is coaching a play for the Young Ladies' Guild in Cambridge.

Lucile Page and Mary Lang read in Mount Vernon, New York, during vacation.

Mildred Oaks has recently presented programs in Somerville, Charlestown and Roxbury.

### SOPHOMORE RECITAL

## Friday, February 28, 1919

A Truce for a Day		•		Anon
Rebecca	Ikler			
Drafted			. T1	horpe
Marion I				
Experience With a European Gu	w w		Mark T	wain
Anna R				

Patsy .				Ka	ite Dou	iglas	Wiggin
		Mary	y Lang				
Laddie		•			Sara	Lord	Bailey
		Margue	erite Ha	all			
The Two of	Them					J. M.	Barrie
		Margare	et Sche	etz			
The Colors		. M	ary Ra	ymono	d Shipm	ian A	ndrews
		Elizabe	th Stua	ırt			

#### FRESHMAN

Beth Rebhun, Alice Lemon, Marion Kenney and Cassie Bentley presented a program at Scituate, on Sunday evening, March second.

Eileen O'Brian read at the Reunion in Medford, February twenty-seventh.

#### SORORITIES

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI

An informal dinner party was enjoyed by the sorority and friends on the evening of February sixteenth at Hotel Hemenway.

Ethel Duncan read at the First Baptist Church in Norwood, February fifth.

Agnes Mahoney presented a program February eleventh at the Hotel Vendome at a Reception and Tea of the Cambridge Woman's Club.

Lucile Husting has recently read in Somerville and in Chelsea.

Ethel Berner read in East Boston, Everett, and Roxbury recently.

Isabel Goheen is recovering from her recent serious illness and will soon return to school.

Carolyn Vance is coaching a play for the Pilgrim Church in Dorchester.

A Bungalow dance was enjoyed on the evening of March sixth at Aberdeen Lodge, in Allston.

The marriage is announced of Elizabeth Field to Sprague S. Baker of Brockton, on February twenty-second.

#### ZETTA PHI ETA

Rosemary Hilton was the delegate of Alpha Chapter to the national convention of Zeta Phi Eta held February twenty-first, at Delta Chapter, Syracuse University, New York.

The fraternity entertained at a formal dance given at Hotel Hemenway on the evening of February fifteenth. Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Miss McQuesten and Mrs. Haskell were guests of honor.

We are happy to announce that Katherine Smith, who returned to Americus, Georgia, on account of illness at home, is with us again.

Frieda Viljoen, assisted by her cast, produced "Nance Oldfield" at the Union Congregational Church, January thirteenth. It has also been given for the Naval Rodio Unit at Harvard and at the Young Men's Christian Association Hut in Cambridge.

Frances Shulze read at Scituate on January twenty-third. Frieda Viljoen has a weekly class in English and Dramatics

at the Young Women's Christian Association.

#### PHI MU GAMMA

Tea is served at 68 St. Stephen Street every Sunday afternoon from four o'clock until six and all friends of the sorority are cordially invited.

Phi Mu Gamma announces the arrival of a new baby, a son born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Wallis of Brooklyn, New York. Mrs. Wallis was formerly Mary Roberts of the class of '19.

Polly Collins coached a play for the Boy Scouts of the Cambridge Methodist Church.

Mary Winn of the class of '17 was an overnight guest at the Chapter House recently.

Sara Lewis gave a program of a number of readings at the Franklin Square House on February eleventh.

Sara Lewis and Madeline MacNamara entertained the soldiers at the Charlestown Y. M. C. A. recently with a program of readings and ukelele selections.

Helma Record of Rome, New York, has been the guest of Gretchen Dillenbeck at the Chapter House for several weeks.

Marion Hawthorne read at a Roxbury Community Center with Ethel Berner.

On February fourteenth we entertained with our annual dance at Riverbank Court.

### FAITH

In every seed to breathe the flower,
In every drop of dew
To reverence a cloistered star
Within the distant blue;
To wait the promise of the bow
Despite the cloud between,
Is faith—the fervid evidence
Of loveliness unseen,



#### EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK

The February meeting of the Emerson Alumni Club was held on February eighth. President's night was celebrated, and the program was as follows:

A Lecture-Recital

By Victor Biart

(Late soloist with European Orchestras)

The Afternoon of a Fawn

Debussey

And the Symphonic Poem

Les Preludes

Liszt

The Emerson Alumni Club of New York held its regular meeting on March eighth.

Program

"The Natural Incentive"

Mrs. Quaife

Music

At the request of the club members, Mrs. Quaife read her play.

#### ALUMNI NOTES

- '02. Lucile F. Kelsey has been teaching Oral English for the past six years in the Wadleigh High School, 114th Street, West of Seventh Avenue, New York City.
- '03. Ruth A. Woodwell, who is in charge of the Expression Department in Florida Normal Institute, Madison, Florida, has recently presented a great masque and pageant, "Lo Arms

for Liberty," with much success. Miss Woodwell also appeared on a Faculty Recital as vocalist and reader.

- '07. Clara Jane Grizzell is engaged in Expression work at the Kansas State Normal School.
- '07. Zola Bauman completed a successful year at the Kansas State Normal School in June and is now engaged in teaching Expression in a girls' school in Tennessee.
- '08. Kathryn E. Reagan is teaching in the public schools of Niagara Falls, New York. She has also opened a studio and is doing a successful work in coaching plays.
- '08. Elizabeth Keppie is engaged in entertainment work with the Young Men's Christian Association abroad.
- '09. Amy Glenn Witter Mowbray successfully produced a Grand Musical Revue under the auspices of the Young Women's Patriotic Association, at Digby, Nova Scotia.
- '09. A son was born on October twentieth to Mrs. Bernice Wright Lewis of Duluth, Minnesota.
- '11. Word has been received of the death of Mrs. Edith Moltimer Moen of Lakota, North Dakota, on September seventh, nineteen hundred and seventeen.

### '13. Docia Dodd writes:

"Will you please extend my New Year's Greetings thru the magazine to all my college friends and to the faculty, whose instruction has grown more and more valuable as the years roll by. I am on my fourth year of work at Lincoln High School, Tacoma, Washington. This year, beside the regular work of the school, I am conducting a Dramatic Club of over fifty members. During the past three years I have staged at Commencement the following plays, which have proved very successful: 'Sherwood,' 'The Rivals,' and 'Jeanne d'Arc'.'

- '14. Teresa Cogswell has been selected by the Federated Clubs as their representative in "furlough homes" in France. She has been a very successful entertainer at Camp Kearney, March Field, and at the Aviation Camp at Arcadia, California.
- '14. Fern Stevenson is teaching departmental English in the grammar schools of Vassar, Michigan.
- '14. Mrs. Elizabeth May Davis Moore is doing Studio work in the Mayor Temple of Music, San Antonio, Texas, where her husband is principal of the San Antonio High School.
- '14. Following is an extract taken from a letter of Arthur F. Winslow to President Southwick:

We have been in Esch now for over six weeks, an unusual stay for us in one place. Since the arrival of Division Headquarters in Liverpool on April twenty-eight, nineteen hundred and eighteen, we have made twenty-six moves . . .

I am hoping against hope that I may get home in time to attend Commencement, but as I am not in a Regular Army division my chances do not seem very bright. It is the worst war I was ever in . . . During my little visit "across" I have been in England, five departments of France in addition to Alsace and Lorraine, Belgium and Luxemburg. I hope to take a short visit to either Treves or Clobence very soon . . . The army authorities are doing all in their power to make the time pass lightly for the boys over here. They have outlined an elaborate program of athletics, including competitive matches between the many units here. Then, too, the "Y" has a large number of entertainers. There must be some Emersonians among them, but thus far I have not seen any. The "Y" offered me a chance to go on the circuit, but for several reasons I declined the offer. Please remember me to any of the "frat" boys whom you may happen to meet in your travels.

- '15. Belle Mc Michael, who has been teaching in Yankton College, sailed on February fifteenth for Turkey, where she will do missionary work.
- '15. Mr. and Mrs. Warner Underwood announce the marriage of their niece, Frances Marion John, to Mr. Edwin Cornell Zavitz on February twenty-second at the Friends Meeting

House, Germantown, Philadelphia. After April first they will be at home in Washington, D. C.

- '15. A daughter was born on February ninth to Marion Wells Davis.
- '15. Mr. and Mrs. Gustave F. M. Beraud announce the marriage of their daughter, Virginia, to Mr. Victor Roser on Wednesday, February twenty-sixth, at Houston, Texas. They will be at home at Everett Ranch, Post O'Connor, Texas.
- '16. George Lyon is now a student at Harvard, where he is taking courses in Public Address and English.
- '16. Lois Teal is engaged in organizing classes for the University Extension Department of the State House throughout the Connecticut Valley region.
- '17. Jessie Hazard is employed in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Lake Saskatoon, Alberta, Canada. She writes that she also finds time to coach plays, and has already produced several for patriotic purposes.
- '17. Grace O'Leary is teaching Expression in Dean Academy, Franklin, Massachusetts.



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### A GREAT LITTLE SOLDIER

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

1

I met him, you might say, by accident—thru causes in a way very remote from the war. It was about the time that Marshal Joffre was over here, and the English Mission.

His coming was heralded by a quaint little note, such as people who write get now and then:—

DEAR SIR,-

Being interested in Oriental books, and knowing that you have been in India, I would like to talk to you. May I?

Truly yours,

EUGENE LEE.

I asked him to come. He arrived at breakfast-time.

"I came early," he said, "because I was afraid I might miss you."

It transpired, indeed, that, in his zeal, he had come without breakfasting—an omission which I was, happily, able to supply.

He was short and slight and a bit bent in the shoulders; not,

at first sight, the figure of a student of high philosophy. You would have expected, rather, to find him working in a drugstore, or something of that sort. And this was about the fact with him. But I got a shock of happy surprise when I caught the fire in his eyes and the fierce flame of enthusiasm that blazed through his small frame.

"You know," he said, "I think this is like the war in the *Bhagavad Gita*, a war of spiritual forces, a war of principalities and powers—like Michael fighting against Satan! That is why I wanted to talk to you about it. What do you think?"

But, without waiting for my answer, he went on with his own idea.

"It seems to me," he said, "that the Germans have given themselves up to the powers of evil—what the *Bhagavad Gita* calls the forces of Darkness and Passion, Tamas and Rajas—is that the way you pronounce them? Listen, and I'll show you what I mean!"

He pulled out of his coat-pocket a little edition of the great Indian book, which had evidently seen pretty hard and continuous service. He did not comment at all on the book, or the oddity of his carrying it about with him, but began to dive among the pages, hunting for his passage. Then he paused and looked at the book, his head set contemplatively a little on one side.

"Tell me," he said, "how did the Bhagavad Gita happen?"

"When I was out in India," I told him, "under the palm trees and the blaze of the opal sky, I found the Brahmans everywhere in power—men white as we are, under the sunburn; some of them with heads and faces like ancient Romans; men full of intellect, but full also of priest-craft and guile; spiritual tyrants over the lesser castes, the brown folk and yellow and black, that make India's hundreds of millions. But I found, too, that the Brahmans were not the true spiritual lords of India, creators of her deathless splendor. The Rajputs were that—one of the lordliest races on earth: great men, warriors, bronzed like the most ancient Egyptians. From the red Rajputs came the

Buddha, holiest of mankind, and Rama, the divine hero, and Vishvamitra, creator of the Vedas' noblest prayer. And from the beginning, the Rajputs had set their faces like flint against idolatry and priestcraft, and all the dark forces that have brought India to eclipse and shame.

"But civil war sprang up among them—five thousand years ago, if the Indian tradition be true,—a war of brother against brother, an internecine war of kindred blood. And the Pandus, with the hero Krishna as their spiritual leader, stood for the divine ideals, the old splendor of the Rajputs, while the Kurus fought for anarchic tyranny and the powers of darkness. The great battle was fought and won, on the sacred plain of Kurukshetra; but, in that supreme victory, the Pandus gave their life-blood; the great race of the Rajputs, weakened for ages to come, was eclipsed, and the lesser race, the men with priestly tyranny in their veins, won dominance over India.

"The mighty battle was first recorded in war-songs and martial ballads. Then wise men saw that this battle was the type of that far greater battle, waged in the heavens, with God and his angels on the one side, and the powers of evil on the other—the endless battle for immortal souls. So they made the Bhagavad Gita the Scripture of that eternal war."

You should have seen his eyes, glowing, yet full of contemplation, as he listened. Then he began again, meditatively, to seek for the passage that was in his mind, turning and re-turning the pages.

"Here it is!" he said, after a concentrated search; "listen!—
'Those of demoniac nature know not right action or right abstinence; nor is purity or discipline or truth found in them.
This world, they say, is without truth or firm foundation, without a Lord; not ruled by mutual law, driven only by wilfulness.
Resting in this view, self-destroying, devoid of wisdom, they
come forth violent and hostile, for the destruction of the world.'
—Isn't that exactly Germany?" he exclaimed triumphantly,
"all except about discipline. But I suppose it means spiritual
discipline. And isn't this exactly like the Kaiser: "This foe

has been slain by me, and I shall slay yet others. I am lord, I am master of feasts, I have won success and might and happiness. I am rich and of high estate; what other is like unto me?' And isn't it fine how it goes on: 'Wandering in many imaginings, enmeshed by the nets of delusion, he falls into the impure pit of hell!' I think that's just what will happen to him!"

After breakfast, we went for a stroll through the highways and byways of the village. From time to time, the corner of his eye rested approvingly on the green spire of a hollyhock dotted with blossoms like red roses, in one of the village gardens.

"Isn't that fine?" he would say; "I love flowers!" And then he would come back with a swift rebound to the spiritual issues of the war.

"Don't you think," he asked, his brown eyes aglow, "that the spiritual forces—angels and demons—are hard at it, on the two sides? That would account for all the stories of apparitions, wouldn't it? though I don't remember anyone on the German side saying anything about seeing devils in the air; but of course they wouldn't, would they? They would think they were angels! But, even so, I don't remember hearing about any Germans thinking they saw angels! All that kind of thing seems to be on our side!"

Then he fell to admiring a beautiful cluster of larkspur, dark and light blue sapphire and turquoise, drawing in his breath with a quick ecstasy of delight.

It happens that I am a lover of birds and find much joy in their morning music. So, after we had talked a while about the world-war and the great spiritual war, of which it is the outer shell, I began to point some of my feathered angels out to him, for the village, as it happens, is pretty rich in them. And some such conversation as this followed, odd enough, and in its essence humorous enough, to be worth recording.

"That's a rose-breasted grosbeak" I said, pointing him out, on one of the higher twigs of an oak, over our heads. "Listen a minute, and he'll sing again!"

"Yes!" answered young Lee; and he whistled the fifteen or sixteen lovely notes with perfect accuracy. "I could play that on my flute! Don't you think it's a wonderful idea, in the Gita, of all the good forces incarnating in one tribe or race, and the dark forces incarnating in the other; and then coming together in battle, to fight it out to a finish—as if they couldn't have a settlement any other way? Every one now sees that France stands for all the splendid things, with England rushing to her side, and now ourselves! I've been trembling to think that we might not have got into it! Think if, afterwards, we were all to know it was the great war between good and evil, and if we had stood back! But what a pity about Russia! Do you know, I think the Allies are getting what's coming to them because of Russia getting out, for their desertion of their ally, the Tsar!" "Yes!" I said. "That was a goldfinch that looped his song

"Yes!" I said. "That was a goldfinch that looped his song over our heads: *pe-cheechichee!* He has a charming song, like a canary, only richer and mellower, besides! Listen! Do you hear that fellow on ahead, in the gum tree?—a brown thrasher!"

"Seems to sing different words, in sets of two," he commented, appreciatively. "Couldn't play that on the flute so well! Couldn't get the different words!—How soon do you think people will see the real significance of the war,—the spiritual side of it,—and be able to set it out in black and white, like the war in the Gita?"

An odd dialogue. When I think of it, and of him, and of our different preoccupations, it wakes an odd emotion, of mingled humor and pathos, in my heart. As I saw him off at the station,—where military trains are now a magnificent daily experience,—he said,—

"I am ever so grateful to you! I hope we shall meet again!" But I felt that the debt was on my side.

#### H

When we met again, young Lee was in the uniform of the United States Army. He had written me from Camp Devens, saying, very briefly, that he had been drafted, and asking me to send him three or four books on Persian mysticism. Then, some little time later,—for I had been a bit slow in getting the books,—he had written again, asking me not to forward them, as he was on his way to our own camp; I call it our own, because the reservation skirts the village limits. And, in a post-script, he asked me to come to see him.

So I walked over to the camp, on an early day in spring. There was lots of mud, but I have the exact date fixed in my mind for another reason, in its way characteristic: I saw the first robins of the season, not singing yet, but hurrying overhead, against a gray sky; the vanguard of the great migration. So I know it was the ninth of March.

A kindly soldier-chauffeur ferried me over the last desperate stretch of mud,—calling up, in its symbolic way, the mud of Flanders,—and I stated my errand to another youth in khaki, brisk and competent, with the badge of the Military Police on his arm. He directed me to the Hostesses' House.

It was really a heart-moving scene. One feels, in the splendors of this war, so much that is akin to tears; much, too, that passes the depth of tears!

Once more I told my errand, and a message was sent for Private Eugene Lee. I sat down in the corner of a wicker sofa, close to a snug wood-fire, and, going through the motions of reading one of the monthlies,—there were plenty of them lying about, and brightly bound books,—I turned my authentic attention to the big, cosy room and the people in it. For the most part, besides the officially occupied persons, they were young soldiers and their kin, taking there, in the quiet sunlight, what, in a good many cases, was certain to be the final farewell.

And the notable and touching thing was, that nearly all of them felt constrained to give to that ultimate leave-taking a drawing-room air. They were very reticent, very quiet; they seemed, almost of set purpose, to be limiting themselves to commonplaces. There was only one exception—an elderly Jewess, fondling the hand of her soldier son, was frankly sobbing, the tears trickling unwiped over her furrowed cheeks.

In part, I think, that almost detached air was due to the other people present, even though all of them, or nearly all, shared the same poignant emotion. In part, it was due to our American spirit which, so deeply Anglo-Saxon in so much that is best in it, is so shy, so ill at ease, with deep feeling, so unable to express it. With the elderly Jewess, it was different; in her veins ran the blood of those who sang, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept." But, in still larger degree, I think that quietude had another and greater cause; the splendor of the undertaking, the awful eternalness of the issues, made their way into every heart and raised it somewhat above personal feeling; the poignancy of parting was hushed by the very presence of the Eternal.

Young Lee came in, and, after a quick glance about the room, marched briskly toward me, smiling, his hand stretched out in greeting. As I rose, I met the smile in his brown eyes—and that fire of enthusiasm that sprang straight from his eager, daring soul.

"You know, I think," he said, as he sat down beside me on the sofa, "that the Lord made up his mind to have me in this war! I'm pretty short, and I'm pretty light, and I wondered whether I could get past the Board; but they passed me all right!"

Yes, the khaki uniform, the heavy army overcoat, a good deal too large for him, brought that out. His body looked even smaller, slighter, than when I had seen him in hollyhock time; but his soul, looking out through those eager brown eyes, looked bigger. No question at all about his valor.

"Thanks for getting the books!" he went on. "Won't you keep them till I get back again? I wouldn't know where to put them now! They'd get knocking about!"

Curious—I have talked to scores of them, on the trains, on the ferries, and as they pass my garden; and every one seems certain of coming back. I wonder whether they have ever heard of the "First Hundred Thousand"? Not so many of them came back. From Ypres, from Verdun, so many did not come back. But perhaps many of them do think, instead, of going "forward," and this lighter talk is only Anglo-Saxon shyness.

A young couple sat at a wicker table a few feet from us—a soldier boy and his "girl," pretty, and light-hearted, and smiling; yet you could see from her bright eyes that she had given her whole heart. And they had been talking nothings, a dance, a play, a bit of innocent gossip, until the moment had come for them to part—he, on his crusade, she to her "war-work," her Red Cross committees.

"Well, so long, Elsie!" the soldier-boy said, as they rose; he held her hand and smiled, as if they were parting on the front porch; and her cheerful smile exactly echoed his.

"So long, Jack! Take care of yourself!" And then tears suddenly welled in her eyes. She laid her other hand on his, which still held hers. "God bless you, dear!" she said; and then, standing on tiptoe, she kissed him on the forehead. I think it was their first kiss.

"And you too, Elsie-God bless you!"

Then he bent down, and just touched her cheek with his lips. Purity could not have been purer. Then he straightened himself up, smiled, stood for a moment at the salute, and turned and stepped briskly out through the door.

Elsie went over to an aunt, who had been waiting. Though there were tears in her eyes, she bravely left them there.

I turned to young Lee; his clear brown eyes were watching them, shining.

"That was fine, beautiful!" he said. "I have no one to bid me good-bye like that! I'm sorry, in a way, but glad in a way! I'm taking nobody with me but the Oversoul, the Lord. You're the only person I expect to see, that I know—and I only saw you once!"

He smiled—one of those luminous smiles of his, that expressed all the soul shining in his eyes.

We sat a while in silence. Then, I think simply with the wish to say something, I asked him,—

"What did you find hardest in your training?"

"Oh," he answered, after a moment's thought, "I don't quite know! Everything and nothing! Getting out of my shell was hardest, perhaps! And at first I couldn't sleep, for the noise! Now I can just curl up, and sleep like a top, even if somebody is sitting on my bunk, playing cards And I'm not afraid of anybody now!"

His smile showed that, and the light in his eyes.

### $\Pi\Pi$

I heard from him, a good many weeks later; no address, simply a rubber stamp, in red ink, "Over-seas."

"I am learning French!" he said; "began in an odd way. We were mixed in with French soldiers, and some of us were lying out in a big wood, in trenches. The moon was full; you could see it in a hole among the treetops, in a veiled sky, and with a big, yellow ring round it. And suddenly there came the most lovely song, up among the branches; pathetic, and glad, and heart-breaking. Somehow it reminded me of the soldier and his girl we saw in the Hostesses' House; do you remember? My French friend heard it too, and listened.

"'Ah!' he said, 'un rossignol!'

"So that is what it was, though I don't know the English for it; but it's some bird we don't have; at least, I don't remember hearing it!

"Do you know," he went on, "I think the Lord was right, in getting me into the army—in lots of ways! A small man has lots of advantages! And it pays to be skinny, too! I don't think a skinny man minds starving a little quite so much as a fat one, or not getting water. And I'm sure the tall men get cramp in their shoulders, stooping in the trenches. But I've discovered another thing! A little man has a lot of advantage with the bayonet; I've discovered a trick—what you told me about that little Malay dagger on your table, the one you use for a paper-cutter, you know, suggested it, I think. You remember, you said, when I picked it up and made a stab with it, in the air, 'Oh, but that's not the way! They always stab upwards,

under the heart, because there are no bones in the way! A blow downwards might easily glance off the ribs; a man has such a lot of ribs!' You didn't think much, at the time you said it, but it stuck in my mind; and it came back, like a flash, a few days ago; just at the right moment, I think. If I'd waited ten seconds. I don't think I'd be writing this letter! We were pushing forward through the woods—a string of six or seven of us; we had missed the rest somehow in the rush. Seven or eight big Boches suddenly jumped up out of nowhere, and rushed at us with bayonets. Then what you said flashed into my mind, and I shouted, 'Jab upwards! Into their guts!' That sounds a bit coarse, but forgive me! My Boche-you can't think of them as men; they're not! they're devils—was over six feet, and heavy, and he made a downward lunge at me; but that's where a small, skinny chap has a pull! I side-stepped and jabbed upward! Well-another advantage is, your bayonet comes loose, quick! And that may mean the difference between this and kingdom come, if there's several of them. You know, if your bayonet gets jammed between his ribs, you have to snap a cartridge off, to loosen it up. But the upward jab comes loose of itself. Well, the rest of the boys caught the idea. We got those Boches. They told about it, and I got my stripe! What do you think of that?

"Another thing. A small, skinny man can crawl thru grass and brush and things, like a brown cat. And that's a tremendous pull, in getting after machine-guns. I think they fix them so that they can't easily fire down at you, even if they see you. But there's so little of me to see! So I squirm along like a tortoise—you have a kind of odd feeling, a sort of itching, down your spine, thinking how it might feel if they did get you; and I wouldn't like to be shot in the back—or in the face, for the matter of that! Well, you squirm along till you get a good sight; and then you must wait until they begin firing,—not at you, of course,—so that they won't hear the snap of your rifle; then you get a slow, steady bead and let go. It takes time and

patience, and you must only fire while they're firing; but the small, skinny man has a long pull.

"I've just read that over, and I'm wondering if you think I'm bloodthirsty? Well, when it's Boches, I am! You'd have no compunctions about killing a devil, would you? And I've seen a bombed hospital. But there's more than that. The Gita taught me. You remember that fine passage—wait a minute, I'll look it up!"—So he had his Gita with him, in his knapsack!—"Here it is! It's where Krishna says to Arjuna, 'I am Time, grown ripe for the destroying of the worlds. Even without thee, they shall all cease to be, the enemies who stand there in the opposing armies. Therefore arise, win glory, conquering thy foes, enjoy thy splendid kingdom! For these are slain already by Me.' You know the passage? Well, that's what I feel, and so I'm enjoying my kingdom!

"You know, I think, when I entered the army, I left myself behind—lost self-centeredness, in a way; and now, in France, in the actual fighting, I've found Myself. You know what the Gita says, 'Unborn, eternal, immemorial, this Ancient is not slain when the body is slain!' So, though I can get the Boches, they can't get me. 'Swords cut Him not, nor may fire burn Him'; that's what I feel, now. Do you know, I've come to think that Krishna and the Lord are all one. I said that to the chaplain the other day, when he came on me reading my Gita. He didn't say anything, but he looked a bit shocked—I wonder why? I hope all this about myself doesn't sound conceited. I don't think I am; that's the great advantage of being small, and insignificant-looking; you don't get vain.

"Well, I must stop now. I'm very happy. I hope you are.—I'll have to close this, and you mayn't hear much of me for a while. They've passed the word, that something big is on tomorrow. I mustn't say any more, but you may hear of it. Good-bye!"

And, by God, we have heard about it, for his letter is dated July 16! What, in Foch's magnificent attack, may have befallen my great little soldier, how he fared, I do not know; I

may never know. But I am well assured that, alive or dead, in the body or out of the body, he would fight on, blithe and valorous, an unconquerable soldier in the Lord's war.

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### YOUTH AND AGE

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day!

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

-Charles Kingsley

### A GREAT VICTORY

A Familiar Talk to Emersonians in which the President tells how the College won the right to Grant Degrees

An Act to authorize the Emerson College of Oratory to grant the Degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation—

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by authority of the same, as follows:

"Section I. The Emerson College of Oratory may grant the degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation to students properly accredited and recommended by a majority of its trustees: provided, however, that the course of instruction furnished by the corporation shall occupy not less than four years, and that no such degree shall be granted to any person who has not taken said full four years' course, or a course in some other institution of learning and in said Emerson College of Oratory, which a majority of said trustees shall consider the equivalent of said four years' course."

Hands and handkerchiefs waved and the walls of Emerson echoed and re-echoed to the cheers of students and faculty when, on the tenth of April, word came down the line that His Excellency Calvin Coolidge, Governor of Massachusetts, had signed the bill passed by the Senate the week before empowering Emerson College of Oratory to confer upon duly qualified graduates the degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation.

Great as was the jubilation, the full realization of what that fact means to graduates past and graduates to come few could grasp at once. As the weeks go by the significance of the victory becomes more fully apparent to the students who had watched the events of the preceding weeks with breathless interest.

Emerson's problem was no less than this: to secure State recognition of a private school. A school without endowment had asked authority to grant degrees, and asked it of one of the most conservative of commonwealths, famous for leadership in education, and jealously watchful for the maintenance of her standards. What we asked is, so far as I have knowledge, without precedent in Massachusetts.

Moreover, antecedent to any consideration by the Legislature itself, it was necessary to meet the searching examination of the Massachusetts Board of Education, to qualify before its tests and secure its endorsement and its recommendation for favorable legislative action. This was our problem.

Before narrating how that problem was solved, it may be best to give a bit of Emerson's early history in relation to degrees. When Emerson College of Oratory (then in its seventh year and bearing the name of Monroe College of Oratory) was incorporated in 1886, it offered on completion of its two years' course the degree of Bachelor of Oratory, and that of Master of Oratory to holders of the bachelor's degree on completion of a post graduate course of one year. In 1890, when by act of the Legislature the corporate name was changed to Emerson College of Oratory, the same degrees were offered and conferred, as they were in the succeeding years, 1891 and 1892.

Early in March, 1893, two articles were printed on successive days in a Boston newspaper criticizing the giving of these oratory degrees by Emerson College and by another Boston school, alleging that the institutions had no right to grant degrees of any sort—a practice which to the knowledge of the management of Emerson College had never been criticized nor questioned. It was suspected, and upon investigation the suspicion was confirmed, that the attack was "inspired" by the professional jealousy of less successful competitors, and, in fact, the proprietor of the paper in which the articles appeared admitted he had been influenced to take the action by three teachers of elocution.

Emerson College answered the attack in an article in the columns of the same paper, showed that the "Purpose" stated in the articles of our incorporation, "To give a general education to both sexes, with special reference to perfection in oratory," logically included the granting of degrees appropriate to the course of instruction provided. At the time of becoming a corporation, the counsel of wide experience who prepared the forms and took direction of the act of incorporation advised the management that it would be proper to give degrees befitting the courses offered, and the then Commissioner of Corporations, representing the Commonwealth, "saw no reason to the contrary." The degrees were offered openly and in entire good faith, and their validity had heretofore been unquestioned. And so far as legislation was concerned, the only enactment on the subject at the time of incorporation in 1886, or at the time of the appearance of the two articles early in March, 1893, was to be found in Chapters 2, 6 and 8 of 1883, Sections 1 and 2 providing that medical degrees should not be given by an institution unless authorized by the legislature to do so. And the very fact that only medical schools were limited in giving degrees implied there was no impediment in law to limit the freedom of duly incorporated institutions in conferring such degrees as should be appropriate to the nature of the training offered.

Nevertheless, the coincidence of the introduction into the General Court in the spring of 1893 of a bill, which later became a law, limiting all degree granting to institutions especially authorized by the Legislature, was distorted to make it appear that it was framed for the purpose of stopping Boston schools from granting degrees in oratory. The real intent behind the bill was to make a yet more effective barrier against the granting of degrees in medicine or the use of the same by unqualified schools or persons. Inasmuch as the bill was general in its character, the practical effect of its passage a few weeks later was to end the conferring of degrees of any and every kind by institutions not especially empowered with this privilege by the Legislature of Massachusetts.

In writing the story of Emerson's victory, this chapter from her early history is included that the reader may know the fact that Emerson offered degrees in oratory more than a quarter of a century ago; that under the conditions as they then existed she did what she had a full right to do; and ceased offering them at a time when certain flagrant abuses in the conferring, and even selling, of medical degrees had become a menace to the public health and had given reason for action that finally placed the whole matter of degree conferring under direct supervision of the State. The course taken was probably necessary and it was wise.

For many years thereafter Emerson issued her diplomas, and was conscious of no serious limitations through her inability to give degrees. Gradually conditions changed. It became apparent that the right to grant degrees would be helpful. As time went on the need for degrees became more urgent, and at length vital. And why? In the answer to that question lies the significance of the victory won in this the thirty-ninth year of Emerson's history.

During the past ten years the Alma Mater has been getting letters from her children in the field, deploring their lack of degrees, asking if she would soon be able to grant degrees, complaining they were sadly handicapped and in many places debarred from employment because they had none. We saw that while academic institutions desire—in a majority of cases require—that the men and women of their faculties shall have degrees, the public schools themselves were demanding them with increasing emphasis. Recent legislation in several States had debarred from appointment in the public schools those who have no degrees—or who have not qualified under local state requirements—by denying them certificates to teach. As the drift toward added insistence upon degrees became unmistakable, the young teacher, whatever his proficiency and skill, if without a degree, was finding increasing difficulty in securing recognition and livelihood thru the work he had been trained to do.

Moreover, in other states, schools inferior in prestige and equipment, giving shorter courses and having less exacting requirements both for admission and graduation, were offering degrees, and their graduates were receiving recognition denied to teachers better prepared. These schools thru their general advertising appealed to the same public. In the face of the

steadily increasing insistence upon degrees by state boards this competition was becoming a serious handicap in the placing of our graduates as teachers.

Nor was this unequal competition occasioned only by the degree-conferring by private schools. Universities, whose charters give privilege to establish whatever kinds of degrees fittingly represent the work they offer, could and did organize departments of Oratory and Literary Interpretation and created degrees appropriate for such work. Their requirements for graduation were less exacting than those of Emerson College. In one university several of the instructors have been our own graduates, and yet their Alma Mater, though offering a training more complete, could not compete on even terms with her own graduates!

Furthermore, the situation was becoming generally known among students seeking the sort of training and culture offered by a school such as our own. Letters have been exchanged with scores of prospective students whose correspondence ended with the declaration that, while the prestige and curriculum and standards of Emerson were potent inducements, the writers had decided to go elsewhere because Emerson could not confer upon them the degree for which they have professional need. Every season made it clearer that if she would maintain the place won by years of earnest endeavor Emerson needed the power to confer a degree appropriate to the character of the training and culture she provides, and that if this were denied her usefulness would be greatly lessened.

The management of the college saw it must look to the Commonwealth herself for relief from a situation which recent legislation of several states and the sure and general drift toward insistence upon degrees had magnified to a menace.

First, Emerson must secure the confidence and obtain the endorsement of the Massachusetts Board of Education, a board at once progressive, yet a just and a vigilant conservator of the high standards of Massachusetts and jealous of her prestige. Emerson must convince these educators that her standards for

entrance and graduation are right standards for a degree-granting institution; that her faculty is able and her equipment adequate, her methods pedagogically sound and her work a genuine educational contribution; that she is non-commercial in spirit and administration, not a private business pursued for profit and conducted under the name of a school; that she has a sound organization and a reasonable guaranty of perpetuity; that her work will be conducted in a manner in accordance with the wishes of the State Board.

To meet this test the management of the college had been preparing for several years. The school year had been lengthened from twenty-eight to thirty weeks, and, beginning with 1919-20, it will be thirty-two weeks. College entrance requirements had been established and the course lengthened from three years to four.

The State Board in its investigation found that Emerson, although it is a private institution—must necessarily be so until made public through endowment; is absolutely non-commercial in spirit and in fact, all earnings above small living salaries being devoted to the enlargement of curriculum and the raising of standards; that its thirty-nine years without endowment give evidence of a vitality of its principles, a soundness of its organization, a quality in its leadership which appeared to the Board an adequate guaranty of its permanence. The Board discovered the representative character of its student body and the distribution of the three thousand alumni, learned of her five hundred graduates teaching in schools and colleges, of the credits and advanced standing awarded to Emerson students matriculating in universities and colleges for courses leading to degrees.

It so happened that during the period the members of the State Board were looking into these matters, they arrived at the conclusion that a Special Commission on Education should be appointed by the Legislature to conduct an inquiry into the whole subject of degree-granting, report its conclusions to the General Court of 1919 in a bill to establish standards to which

all institutions asking for the right to confer degrees must conform. The Board introduced a bill to create such a commission and it was passed last year. The commission thus created sat during the summer and autumn, notified the State Board of the result of its findings and embodied its ideas in a bill which at the time this article is written is before the General Court. If enacted into law one of its provisions will exclude hereafter any institution having an endowment of less than a minimum of \$200,000 from receiving authority to grant Had this bill been passed before action had been taken upon Emerson's petition, it would have automatically closed the door upon her hope of securing her degrees. The Committee on Education which had the bill before it knew this. and the Massachusetts Board of Education, which was acquainted with its scope, and, I presume, in general sympathy with its intention, knew this. And knowing it, the State Board sent to the Legislature a printed recommendation that Emerson be given the degree for which she asked, the Committee on Education of the Legislature reported the bill which the House and Senate passed on successive weeks and to which the Governor's signature was affixed April 9. The sincerity and the earnestness of belief of all concerned in the investigation that Emerson should receive the degree-granting right, receive it on her merits and irrespective of whatever general legislation for the establishment of standards for future decisions, is altogether apparent from the story as told.

The printed report of the State Board to the Legislature, signed by the Commissioner of Education, Hon. Payson Smith, is too long to include in this article, but I insert an extract giving the basis of its findings:

The Board has made careful inquiry into the aims as well as the courses and general requirements of the Emerson College of Oratory. The college has been in existence for thirty-eight years. It was organized under the title "Monroe College of Oratory." In 1890, by authority of the Legislature, the name was changed to "Emerson College of Oratory."

Its work is that of educating young men and women for public

speaking, and especially for positions as teachers of oral expression. The student body is widely representative of all parts of the country. It has a faculty of nineteen, fifteen of whom give their entire time to instruction. The college is supported almost entirely from the tuition fees of the students.

The college has required since 1900 that students undertaking its courses shall have completed the equivalent of a good high school course. Since 1908 the requirement has been that of a four-year high school course, or fifteen units of secondary school work. The courses of the college require four years for completion.

In its reports previously made on the same general subject of the degree-granting privilege, the Board has taken the position that the utmost care should be taken by the Commonwealth in giving to institutions the authority to grant the non-professional degrees such as are generally given by higher institutions throughout the country. It has suggested from time to time the advisability of establishing certain basal requirements with reference to endowment, administration, faculty qualifications, entrance requirements and similar leading points, in order that a consistent policy with reference to the matter might be established. The matter as it relates to degrees granted by non-professional colleges has had, as before stated, the attention of the Special Commission on Education appointed by authority of the Legislature, and it is assumed it will be dealt with in some way in the near future.

In the opinion of the Board, the work of the Emerson College of Oratory is creditable as that of an institution training its students to become teachers of expression and for public speaking. For this work it has standards that have been built up thru a considerable period, and its permanence seems to have been established. The educational offerings of the college within the somewhat limited field attempted are of an acceptable kind; the entrance requirements are high, and, in general, the quality of the work for the specific purposes mentioned is good.

The Board believes, therefore, that it would be consistent with the aims and purposes of the institution, and at the same not inconsistent with the educational interests of the Commonwealth, if authority should be given to the Emerson College of Oratory to grant some degree which would be fairly definitely descriptive of the courses and their aims. If the Emerson College of Oratory should petition for the right to grant some such specific degree as bachelor of literary interpretation, the Board would recommend that it be authorized to grant it.

In doing this thing for a private institution, an action which I believe is without precedent, Massachusetts has conferred a great honor upon Emerson and at the same time has, I think, really established a precedent which is in line with a sound educational policy. I believe that in this state and in all states graduates of the best technical and professional schools, if noncommercial in character and possessing college entrance requirements and offering a broad and thorough course of four years, should enjoy the same opportunity, so far as receiving the credentials of appropriate degrees is concerned, as the graduates of colleges of liberal arts.

As the several states employ in their colleges and public and private schools teachers in various technical and art subjects, I believe it is a sound assumption that the states should recognize institutions for the training of these specialists by freeing them from needless handicaps and by giving to their graduates opportunities to do their work on equal terms with graduates of academic institutions. I believe that graduates of approved technical and art schools should have the opportunity to offer their work on its merits, knowing that its acceptance or rejection would not be affected by any conditions non-essential to the determination of whether their offering is educationally worth while. The states employ great numbers of instructors in technical subjects. They naturally seek those teachers who possess the most complete preparation in these specialties—a preparation which the ordinary academic college either does not offer at all, or, if it offers it, cannot because of the very breadth of its work present it with a completeness equivalent to that of the best technical schools. I feel it is fair to assume that a state, while guarding against the error of employing anywhere or at any time teachers whose general educational foundation is insufficient, should establish conditions most favorable to securing as instructors in special subjects those whose technical training has been most complete.

The vital interest of this matter to all Emersonians has caused me to write at greater length than I had purposed. I will only add that the management is working out plans by which former students and alumni of Emerson who seek to obtain the degree which is henceforth to be the credential of all graduates who meet the standards for its attainment established by the College and approved by the State Board, may have opened for themselves the rights and privileges which await their successors.

As I close I see again the Assembly Room and its lighted faces. I see the waving handkerchiefs and I hear the shouting. Verily, April 10 was a glad day for Emerson, and it was a great day.

### SPRING WINDS

Sighing above,
Rustling below—
Through the woods
The winds go.
Through the brown
Gold doth push,
Misty green
Veils the bush.
Here a turtle,
There a croak,
They are coming—
The spring folk!

-George MacDonald

## THE CHILDREN'S THEATER

Directors—Imogene M. Hogle and Beulah K. Folmsbee Wardrobe Mistress—Oahlee Hubbard

Saturday, February the twenty-second, witnessed the first performance of The Children's Theater at Emerson College. This, the only institution of its kind in Boston, was wholly conceived and managed by the Senior class. The idea, born of a desire to earn money for the war pledge, soon expanded into the more permanent and far-reaching one of establishing a theater to leave to the school as the 1919 class legacy.

In the latter part of January Miss Imogene Hogle and Miss Beulah Folmsbee were made directors of the theater, and plans were made for the opening on Washington's Birthday. It was decided to present two plays each time, using whenever possible one original play and one published play. A novel feature of the plan was the substitution of a story-teller for printed programs, with the idea that the spoken word would be more appealing to the child mind than would the printed page. Stories were also to be told between the two plays to occupy the intermission necessary for changing scenery. By vote of the class, the first two plays to be presented were "The Queen's Tea Party," by Miss Hogle, and "The Gooseherd and the Goblin," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Miss Ethel Mae Duncan was chosen for story-teller, and in honor of the date George Washington stories were decided upon. The casting and coaching were left to the directors, Miss Hogle taking charge of her own play, Miss Folmsbee of the other. The casts were chosen from the entire student body, the lead in one play being taken by a Freshman, in the other by a Senior. Miss Ahlstrom and Miss Loersch were put in charge of costumes, and these two with the directors worked early and late designing, cutting and fitting. Our desire was, wherever possible, to make the costumes, rather than hire them, with a view to establishing a costume room and eventually lessening the cost of production.

The whole idea was received with great enthusiasm not only by the senior class but by the school, and offers were made from all sides to help in publicity work and the selling of tickets. The house was practically sold out three days before the performance, and on Saturday the twenty-second, Huntington Chambers Auditorium was filled to capacity. The audience, composed almost entirely of children, was a most natural and enthusiastic one. Their enjoyment was frequently vocalized, and questions such as "Is it the real Humpty Dumpty?" and "Will that goblin come down here and eat me?" were heard on all sides, but they only served to spur the actors to greater effort, and both performances went off successfully. The story-telling was a delight to everyone, and the children entered into every suggestion of it, helping with questions and answers.

Though the original plan had been to give one performance a month, success encouraged us to announce that the theater would be open every other Saturday. March first, one week after the opening, a repeat performance was given, to which were invited the foremost educators of Boston. Even at this performance there was a good house, but we decided against future repeat performances.

Two weeks later, "Hansel and Gretel" and "The House in the Woods" were presented. Miss Carolyn Vance and Miss Oahlee Hubbard coached the plays, Miss Vance told the stories, Miss Sara Mae McKenna and Miss Loersch had charge of the costumes, Miss Madeline McNamara of the music, and Miss Olive Le Fevre of the tickets. Publicity, general management, finance, choosing and casting of plays, were left in the hands of the directors.

The costume room now began to assume interesting proportions, and Miss Hubbard was appointed permanent costume mistress.

On March twenty-ninth the program consisted of "The Three Wishes" and "The Magic Sword." The coaches were Miss Duncan and Miss Helen Lynch; the story-teller was Miss Mildred

Ahlstrom; costumes were in charge of Miss Helen Sayles; music of Miss McNamara; and tickets, Miss Dorothy Levy.

On April fifth, the first program of the Children's Theater was sent to Somerville, Mass., where the audience of both youngsters and grown-ups seemed delighted with the performance.

The final program of the year was given on April twelfth. It consisted of "Sleeping Beauty" and "The Golden Goose," with Miss Ahlstrom and Miss Hogle as coaches and Miss Duncan as story-teller. Miss Loersch had charge of the costumes, Miss Harrison of the tickets, and Miss McNamara of the music.

The theater has succeeded beyond our expectations. Educators and social workers all over the city have displayed great appreciation of our effort. The newspapers have accorded us an unusual amount of publicity, and the faculty have helped at every turn. The class wishes to express its thanks to the school for its generous support, to the actors for their splendid work, and to the faculty for their untiring interest and aid.

—Imogene M. Hogle, '19.

## NIGHT

Here ends at eve the day's long upward way Beside Time's soundless, ever sleeping sea; Here Life records her judgments of each day Which stand unchanged throughout eternity.

-Arthur Wallace Peach

# The Poet's Corner

## TO AN EASTER LILY

Pale bloom upon a tall green stem, Purity thy diadem— Fragrance thy Charm— Of love thy message born, Lovely thy presence to a heart forlorn At Eastertide.

—Amy Toll, '17.

## THE COMING OF SPRING

O spring! I can not run to greet
Your coming as I did of old,
Clad in a shining veil of gold,
With champak-buds and blowing wheat
And silver anklets on my feet.

Let others tread the flowering ways
And pluck new leaves to bind their brows,
And swing beneath the quickening boughs
Abloom with scented spikes and sprays
Of coral and of chrysophrase.

But if against this sheltering wall
I lean to rest and lag behind,
Think not my love untrue, unkind,
Or heedless of the luring call
To your enchanting festival.

O Sweet! I am not false to you— Only my weary heart of late Has fallen from its high estate Of laughter and has lost the clue To all the vernal joy it knew.

There was a song I used to sing—
But now I seek in vain, in vain
For the old lilting glad refrain—
I have forgotten everything—
Forgive me, O my comrade Spring!

-Sarojini Naidu

## THE FIRST BLUEBIRDS

The poor earth was so winter-marred, Harried by storm so long, It seemed no spring could mend her, No tardy sunshine render Atonement for such wrong. Snow after snow, and gale and hail, Gaunt trees encased in icy mail. The glittering drifts so hard They took no trace Of scared, wild feet, No print of fox and hare Driven by dearth To forage for their meat, Even in dooryard bare And frosty lawn Under the peril of the human race: And then one primrose dawn, Sweet, sweet, O sweet, And tender, tender, The bluebirds woke the happy earth With song!

-Katharine Lee Bates

## MARY'S PITY

In an old country,
Far and far away,
A woman went a-weeping,
On a fresh spring day.

A woman went a-weeping,
For she heard birds singing,
And under the hill
There was new grass springing.

"He loved the new grass,
And all the birds," she said;
"He loved the sparrows,
And threw them bread.
How can I live,
And my own lad dead?"

To know that he waited In God's own town Was little comfort to her. Slowly down

The road to the village
With her sobs to smother,
All on a spring day
Went Mary, His mother.

Now o'er a dark world War holds sway, And there is sound of sobbing This fresh spring day.

To all weeping mothers
She bends low,
Stretches out her hands to them
And says, "I know."

—Mary Carolyn Davies

## THE ELEMENTS

No house of stone
Was built for me;
When the Sun shines—
I am a bee.

No sooner comes
The Rain so warm,
I come to light—
I am a worm.

When the Winds blow,
I do not strip,
But set my sails—
I am a ship.

When Lightning comes,
It plays with me
And I with it—
I am a tree.

When drowned men rise
At Thunder's word,
Sings Nightingale—
I am a bird.

-William H. Davies

## THE CALL OF SPRING

Children, my children, the spring wakes anew,
And calls through the dawn and the daytime
For flower-like and fleet-footed maidens like you,
To share in the joy of its playtime.

O'er hillside and valley, through garden and grove, Such exquisite anthems are ringing Where rapturous bulbul and mina and dove Their carols of welcome are singing.

I know where the ivory lilies unfold
In brooklets half-hidden in sedges,
And the air is aglow with the blossoming gold
Of thickets and hollows and hedges.

I know where the dragon-flies glimmer and glide, And the plumes of wild peacocks are gleaming, Where the fox and the squirrel and timid fawn hide And the hawk and the heron lie dreaming.

The earth is ashine like a humming-bird's wing,
And the sky like a kingfisher's feather,
O come, let us go and play with the spring
Like glad-hearted children together.

-Sarojini Naidu

## AN APRIL MEMORY

You said "Good-bye," just as we reached the gate—
The little yellow gate that hung aslant;
The golden afternoon was waxing late,
The light upon the hill tops growing scant.
We paused; you said "Good-bye," and nothing more,
And I passed up the pathway to the door.

There were no whispered words; we did not stay
To watch the fading glitter on the hill.
As I went up the iris bordered way
I heard a mellow cry of "Whip-poor-will!"
The dew was falling, and the air replete
With fragances bewilderingly sweet.

It seemed as if their quaint, sweet meaning clung
About the words, the way you uttered them;
And in my heart a happy chime was rung
While stars embroidered evening's dusky hem,
And "God be with you" floated in the air
Throughout the rose gold twilight everywhere.

-Hattie Whitney.

## AFTER THE JAPANESE

In the wide, wide world of woes and tears, Let us find a narrow spot to live together You and I, Until the world Is quite forgot,

O my sweet—

Moon that shines

In my little window.

## The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

#### EDITORIAL STAFF

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VOL. XXVII.

APRIL, 1919.

No. 6.

The Editors of the Emerson College Magazine have never been happier about the material for publication than at the time of this issue, when we send word to all our readers that Emerson College is to grant the degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation. When a request was made by President Southwick that every student remain in Chapel after the regular hour for an important announcement, there was the usual amount of speculation on the part of the students as to what it was to be, and when the announcement came that our long fight was over and the permission to grant degrees won, students and faculty together cheered until the old walls rang. cheered for the degree, we cheered for the Governor, we cheered for the Board of Education, and last and best, we cheered for all good Emersonians, past and present! You to whom this news comes for the first time thru the pages of the magazine, rejoice with us, give three good cheers for your Alma Mater. and then plan to come back and win for yourselves the degree of B. L. I.



We are all very glad to welcome Mrs. Southwick back after her extended stay in the South.

One of the most interesting lectures of the year was given by Morris G. Hindus on Thursday morning, April tenth, using for his subject, "The Living Corpse," by Tolstoy.

Mr. Hindus was born in a Russian village among peasants. There he spent his childhood and boyhood, and gained his early education in a government school. At the age of fourteen, finding the avenues of higher education in Russia closed to him, he emigrated to America. Here he attended the Stuyvesant High School in New York City, received his Bachelor's and Master's degrees from Colgate University, and pursued advanced studies in Harvard.

Mr. J. N. Farquhar spoke to us on the subject of India one day recently, and was much enjoyed by all.

Mr. Farquhar is a Scotchman, a native of Aberdeen, and received part of his education in that city, but read his arts course in Oxford, and graduated there with double first class honors in 1899. For a year he travelled on the continent as a tutor. In January, 1901, he began work as Professor of English in the London Missionary Society's College, Calcutta, and continued there until June of the next year. His wide scholarship made possible quick contacts with educated Indians, and his great mission in India has been that of interpreting Christianity to the student classes, and of interpreting the best of

Indian life to Europe and America. He has taken advantage of every opportunity to learn of the Indian character and religion at first hand, and for some years has been Chief Literary Secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association movement of the Indian Empire. He is recognized as a leading authority on the country and its religions, especially Hinduism, and is author of a "Primer of Hinduism," "Modern Religious Movements," and "The Crown of Hinduism." His contributions to church and literary publications are numerous, and his time is eagerly sought for lectures for theological colleges and universities including Cambridge. Mr. Farquhar's messages gain the hearing, respect and profound consideration of the leading Indian officials, students and gentry.

Donald B. MacMillan presented his illustrated lecture, "The Dash for the Pole with Peary," on the evening of April twenty-first.



## YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The officers of the Young Women's Christian Association for next year have been elected as follows:

President . . . Ruth Parker

 $\label{thm:condition} \mbox{Vice-President} \ . \qquad . \qquad . \qquad \mbox{Winifred Symington}$ 

Secretary . . . Eunice Vining
Treasurer . . . Catherine Perry

A farewell tea was held for the Seniors, on Friday, April eighteenth. Mrs. Southwick addressed the meeting.

## STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

The new officers of the Students' Association were elected as follows:

President . . . . Marion Hawthorne
Vice-President . . . Evelyn Stephens
Secretary-Treasurer . . Bernice Caswell

The Association celebrated the Dean's fifty-first birthday by giving a program on Thursday morning, April third.

Song—"To Dean Ross" . . . . . . . . School

Presentation of wrist-watch from students, by Frances Russey Trio—Marjorie Stackhouse, Leila Watson and Lucile Morris

Texas

Robert Louis Stevenson's play, "Macaire," was produced with the following cast:

Robert Macaire Francis McCabe Frances Schulze Bertrand Charles . Nan Oliff Myra Marsh Dumont Evelyn Stephens Marquis Goriot . Dorothy Levy Olive Le Fevre Brigadier Helen Junk Aline Ernestine Helen Aurand

#### SOUTHERN CLUB

The Southern Club presented their play, "Romance in Dixie," by Sara May McKenna, on March twenty-seventh, with the following cast of characters:

Lucille Page

Arkansas . Helen Savles Louisiana. Christine West Mississippi Nan Oliff Hazel Davis Alabama . Georgia Katherine Smith Florida Mary West The "Carolinas" Louis Sterne Virginia Marie Pettijohn Maryland. Kathleen Pate Kentucky. Carolyn Vance Tennessee Evelyn Stephens Mammy . Mary Glenn Phillips Piccaninnies Misses Sisson and Leavin South Wind Grace Pittman North Wind Sara M. McKenna Uncle Sam Lucile Morris

> Miss Dorothy Levy, Pianist Miss Effie Stoll, Violinist

#### SENIOR

Elaine Rich read at Camp Devens and for the Hospital Auxiliary of Lowell.

Oahlee Hubbard read at an entertainment for the choir of the First Congregational Church in Dorchester.

Sarah May McKenna read for the Suffragist Society in the Westminster Hotel.

Helen Aurand gave a program at the Allen Military School.

Beatrice Talmas read at the Norwegian Church in Boston, at the Community Welfare House in Ayer, and at Cambridge.

Olive Le Fevre read at the Welcome Home Supper at the Union Congregational Church recently. She has also presented programs at the Boylston Street Canteen and at Bumkin's Island.

#### JUNIOR

Winifred Symington is coaching a play at the First Baptist Church in Boston.

Bernice Caswell has recently read in Milford, New Hampshire, at Boston University and at the Union Congregational Church.

Lucie Knowles read at the West Medford Baptist Church on March twenty-third.

Guinivere Rifenburg read at the Union Congregational Church on Palm Sunday.

Maude Rankeillor has read at St. Paul's Church and at the Chelsea Naval Hospital.

Francis McCabe read recently at the Brookline Baptist Church and at the Harvard Baptist Church in Cambridge.

## SOPHOMORE

Ethel Kelley played the part of "Topsy" in "The Virginians," which was presented in Stoughton on the twenty-first of April.

Ida Minevitch directed a play given at the Home for Jewish Children on March sixteenth.

Polly Collins played the leading role in a play given at the Methodist Church in Cambridge recently.

## SORORITIES

## ZETÀ PHI ETA

Frieda Viljoen read at the Union Congregational Church on April fifth.

Ella Marie Williams read at the Whittier School for Girls in Merrimac recently.

We were very happy to have Fay Goodfellow as our guest for a week recently.

Barbara Wellington, who is teaching at St. Margaret's College, Toronto, Canada, has just spent a week with us.

The girls of the sorority and guests were entertained by Barbara Wellington at Nantasket Beach, April nineteenth.

Zeta Phi Eta expresses a deep regret that Frieda Viljoen is leaving us to take up her studies in England.

### KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Agnes Mahoney read at the Boston Central and Girls Evening High School in Boston recently.

Ethel Duncan has recently presented programs at the Braintree Country Club, and for the Massachusetts Robinson Seminary Club at Hotel Thorndike.

Rose Boynton Flournoy, '12, who is now teaching in West Orange, New Jersey, was a recent visitor.

Myra Marsh was one of the speakers at the Tenth Anniversary of the Boston Students Union on April twenty-third.

Ethel Berner read for the Eastern Star in Dorchester recently.

Carolyn Vance has presented programs in Weston and in Chelsea.

An informal dance was held at the Chapter House on the evening of April seventh.

Kappa Gamma Chi and friends enjoyed a dinner party on the ninth of April.

We regret to say that Isabel Goheen has again suffered a relapse, and is now ill at her uncle's home in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

#### PHI MU GAMMA

Iota Chapter of Phi Mu Gamma presented her annual scholarship fund play, coached by Walter B. Tripp, on the evening of March thirty-first at the Copley Theater. The play this year was "Beau Brummel," by Clyde Fitch.

The alumni guests at the Chapter House at the time of the play were: Mrs. Arthur Brickendon, London, Ontario; Edith MacCulley, Schenectady, New York; Helen Carter, Carthage, New York; Mary Griffin, Knoxville, Tennessee; Helen Ford, Sackville, New Brunswick; Helen Hynes, Washington, Georgia.

Other alumni members here for the play were: Mrs. Shepherd, Ramona Gwinn, Mary Wynn, Lillian Hartigan, Ann Vail, Gladys Hunt and Mrs. Harold Smith.

Marian Schreiber of Nyack, New York, Helen Lewis of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York, and Augusta Stein of New York City were among the guests at the Sorority House at the time of the play.

The alumni members of Phi Mu Gamma were entertained by the active chapter at tea, at the Copley Plaza, April first.

Madeline MacNamara read on April fourteenth at a dinner at the Twentieth Century Club at which Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Cabot was speaker of the evening. Madeline also coached a play, "Joan of Arc," which was presented by the Girls' Community League at Wheaton College.

Sara Lewis and Polly Collins gave programs of songs with ukelele accompaniment for the wounded soldiers at the Parker Hill Hospital and also at Camp Devens recently.

Sara Lewis also coached a play, "Six Times Nine," for a club at the Mt. Vernon Church, Beacon Street.

Mrs. Randolph Tucker of Chestnut Hill, Brookline, enter-

tained the Iota Chapter of Phi Mu Gamma and their friends at tea, April ninth.

A formal banquet was given by the sorority for its guests on April eleventh at the Hotel Tuilleries.

Ethel Caine of the Class of '18, who is now teaching at Bishopthorpe Manor, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, was a guest for a short time-at the chapter house recently.

Gladys Gardner of Mt. Ida Seminary was a week-end guest of Sara Lewis at the chapter house.

Evelyn MacNamara of Corning, New York, and Josephine Toomey of East Orange, New Jersey, are now the guests of Madeline MacNamara.

## HEROISM

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

-Lizette Woodworth Reese



#### EMERSON ALUMNI CLUB OF NEW YORK

All ye goode members of ye olde Emerson Alumni Club are hereby invited to attend a Maytyme Festival of ye club, to be held at ye usual place of meeting, the Twelfth Night Club, on ye eve of Saturday, April twenty-sixth, at eight-thirty by ye clock, where for your amusement will be found music by ye voice and ye harpsichord, also music for your soles. You will have, "The Tyme of your Life," a comedy, given by members of ye club, and selections.

Ye price of admission for each member and each guest will be one-half of a dollar, and a small hamper of lunch. Each hamper should contain one paper plate and one paper napkin for your own use. Ye moneys will be used for ye purpose of covering such expense as may be incurred for that evening. Ye committee will supplement ye good things of ye hamper by supplying ice cream and coffee.

Signed by

#### YE COMMITTEE OF ENTERTAINMENT,

L. T. Arvidson, Chairman

G. C. Donnelly

B. Noyes

M. Purdy

G. C. Rabbitt

G. Fewell

## ALUMNI NOTES

- '97. Mrs. Alice M. Osden Hunnewell of Los Angeles has been making an extended educational tour in the East, visiting the Frances Parker School, the School of Education of the University of Chicago, the Boston Normal, the Horace Mann School at Columbia, the City Normal of Philadelphia and Emerson College of Oratory.
- '99. Anna Reed Farrington is now president of the Northern New York Federation of Women's Clubs. She writes as follows: "Being at the head of an organization of five thousand women gives me a splendid opportunity to promote the work of Oratory and Physical Culture, and I have included these subjects in our Department of Arts.
- '12. May Sullivan is doing departmental work in the public schools of Alton, Rhode Island.
- '13. Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Ashley announce the marriage of their daughter, Rhea Evalynn, to Mr. Howard Pierson Burt, on April twenty-sixth, at Middletown, New York.
- '13. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Brown at Parsons, Kansas, on January thirty-first. Mrs. Brown was formerly Clara MacDonald.
- '14. Stanley Newton is completing his work at the University of Wisconsin, and will receive his Master of Arts degree there this summer.
- '16. Edna Fisher, who is teaching at the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine, recently read "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with much success.
- '17. The engagement of Helen Reed to Walter R. Peterson has been announced. Miss Reed is now travelling for the Allied Industries Corps of New York City.

- '17. Vera Bradford is teaching in the English Department of the Everett High School.
- '17. A daughter, Erna Eliza, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander P. Davis on March fourth, at Glens Falls, New York. Mrs. Davis was formerly Faye Eaton.
- '17. Laurence J. Smith has been sent by the American Expeditionary Forces for a three months' course in the University College of London.
- '17. Florence Bailey is teaching at the Hitchcock Free Academy in Brimfield, Massachusetts.
- '17. George F. Pearson, who taught in the University of Vermont last year, is now teaching in the Boston Lyceum School in the Pierce Building, Boston.
- '18. The marriage of Christine Mary Punnett to Mr. Russell A. Smith, on March twelfth, has been announced.







Beulah K. Folmsbee Editor



Millis L. Caverly
Associate Editor



Ethel M. Berner Business Manager

## :: The Emerson College Magazine

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## PREPARATION FOR THE GREAT JOURNEY

(Baccalaureate Sermon)

BY ERNEST GRAHAM GUTHRIE

And the angel of the Lord came . . . and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee.

I Kings 19:7.

The journey begins for many of you today. It is not the beginning of the journey of life, for that has had elsewhere its beginning, and the sun is well up, as you start out. It is not the beginning of achievement, for already you have done many things. Some of the greatest strokes that fall on the anvil of life, are those that bring us to where you are today. Great and portentous years are the years of academic preparation. But your career in your distinctive professions begins from these days, and will you let me assure you that many hearts are with you as you start out from this place. Some of you have made your experiments on companies of our people, and always with the happiest results. No small part of our happiness as a people, has come from the way which you have led us out, into the freedom of the heart that is at leisure from itself, into laughter,

into compassion, into vision, high and splendid, into the miracles of the life of the imagination, and all the varied interests of human life, as you have poured forth treasures new and old, from the great storehouse of literature with which it is part of your high calling to cleanse and refresh, and remake the world. And, for myself, will you let me say what I have often said in public and in private, that I have the very loftiest estimate of the greatness of the part you are called upon to play in the world that now opens out before you. As I understand that mission, it is to the ministry of expression, in a wealth of variety of forms, that you are devoting your life.

It is a dumb world to which you are to minister, a world of humanity full of great thoughts, seeking, blindly often, to articulate itself, full of great emotions, that heave and swell in the world's great heart, till the poets lift their organ voices and give them utterance and relief; full of desires for the words that quicken our feet, words that draw the swords to the battle for the right, the true and the beautiful words that bring us into the vast cathedrals of life, to worship and to praise the Giver of all good gifts, the Father of Light in Whom there is na variableness, nor shadow cast by burning.

I am sure you know, or soon will know, what it is to stand in the midst of a silent assembly, and feel the heart break within you to utter what the world's dumb heart fain would hear, if you could only utter it in its simple greatness, and its august might.

First. At the threshold of that journey, let these words meet you, and carry them with you all the way, "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee."

Your first and your continuing necessity is that which is the necessity of us all, not to greatly express, but, first of all, to greatly receive, from out of the vast reservoirs of life that which will make our own lives fruitful, great, ample, majestic, strong and free. I used to think that the first business of the preacher was to preach, and there are many noble citizens of this and other commonwealths who think that is all he has to do, just to get up and say something. And even when he doesn't man-

age to say anything, it still will not occur to many people in his congregation that his previous task is the larger of the two, namely, to have something to say. I knew a minister who spent a good deal of time in a public library. One of his congregation made this wise comment on this habit: "Why, what's wrong with him? Didn't he finish his education in college?" answer to which is, that the man whose education is finished, has finished his life. The first great task of life is to keep our lives open, always open, to the incoming tide of knowledge, of spiritual light and spiritual power. "Receptiveness," said George Eliot somewhere, "is a noble and massive virtue." Ours is an inventive age, possibly the greatest age of invention the world has even known. We have made steamships and railways, and telephones and wireless telegraphs, and so many other things that we are in danger of thinking that we made everything there is. But it is not so. It is the mightiest workman, in every form of creative activity, not only the great artists, the poets, and makers of the world's literature, but even the inventors themselves, that have the deepest sense that the greatest things they have to communicate to mankind were not their own creations, but were received as we receive the gift of day through the gateways of the dawn, or the gift of life itself from the depths of the Being of God.

Real growth in the deep things of life for us all is far more of a passive thing than this busy age will allow us to believe. We all need to surrender ourselves more unreservedly to the massive influences which, in life and literature alike, are ever seeking to mould the greatness of life within us. How easy it is, for instance, to become voluble in one's enthusiasm for the genius of Shakespeare, and yet ourselves be numbered in the indictment that Ruskin preferred against the active and purposeful Englishman of his own day, that we show no trace "of ever having felt a passion of Shakespeare's or learned a lesson from him." How easy it is to talk glibly of the Bible as the World's Supreme Book, without ever really knowing what it is "to float away on the great deep of the Scriptures from our prejudices and preconceptions, and, afar from the creeping

mists and rocky barren of the narrowing cost, and alone with God, to see, in open vision, the vastness of His loving purposes."

Often in the great ministry of expression, let this word to the prophet come to you, "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee." It is the call to recreate your own life from the literature . . . to replenish the exhausted fountain of being from the great headwaters of vision and of life, to hear, for ourselves, the mighty voices that speak above the din of life to him who has the listening ear.

"I hear the voices when the tide comes in,"
Said the old sailor, standing on the shore,
On this bleak coast, above this wintry roar,
I hear the winds of summer, and the din
Of songbirds in the palm trees; I have been
Among the isles of beauty, and once more
The summer seas on Eden headlands pour.
I hear the voices, when the tides come in.

The tide of time flows in upon the world,
And breaks on northern headlands white with snow;
And some there be who have discordant din;
But close I listen where its waves are hurled,
And I hear music from far islands blow—
I hear the voices when the tide comes in.

Second. The second great necessity for your journey, beyond this of a noble receptiveness of spirit, is a growing sense of the spiritual needs of the world at this critical moment of its life.

The first of these to which you can directly contribute is a sense of continuity with and relationship to all that is great in the past. In August, 1914, the world began to break up. The Great War cut the cables of all the nations of the world, and we are standing out now for unknown seas. Or, if I may change the figure, the war has been a great bonfire, into which has been cast a mass of hoary evils. The ancient effigy of au-

tocracy, the old selfish and self-centered nationalism, kulture, kept us armed to the teeth against each other, the old cunning diplomacy, bent on secret intrigue and over-reaching of one nation by another, the madness of war itself—these, and a multitude of other things that belong with them, we are casting into the bonfire. But there is grave danger that with the bad much that is good and precious will be destroyed, too.

The author of an eloquent little essay, called "Whither?" tells us of what he found in quaint gray chest that came to him in a final division of the household possessions of his ancestors. It was a package of letters written many years ago, in old-fashioned handwriting on yellow paper, but filled with the richness and greatness of life. There are letters from a mother to a little daughter at school in the city; letters from an aged father who has been visiting his clergyman son; glad letters, written to bring joy at marriages; solemn and yet joyous letters, written to console in death. Written out of narrower lives, so far as worldly circumstances go, than those with which I came in contact today, he says. They reveal a far deeper life, a profounder life and faith, a recognition of wider horizons than most of our contemporary world knows."

What he found, you can find in all the great past. You are called to be stewards of His kingdom. If that has in it things both new and old, and while the great artisans of life, under the divine leadership, are building a new world, you must bring to them the old discoveries of the human spirit out of the worlds that have been that they may be wrought into the heart and fibre of the world that is to be. The world needs the best of the old things now, with the new. It needs the old things that made the great homes. In the past, the love that has always hovered over the cradles of the world, that has spent itself, that another generation might go forward to its tasks with the full heritage of the past. It needs the old disciplines that make life girt and ready, and strong for duty. The greatest discovery that our boys made in the army is probably the ancient discovery of the value of discipline. When he got into the army he learned that he was no longer there the hero his family and

friends had made him, but just No. 340,591 in a great organization that had taken control of his life. The army wakened him, marched him, drilled him, worked him, told him when to play and what to play, put him to bed by the clock and blew out the candle, and if he knows anything today, he knows the value of discipline, all that it can enable a single life, co-operating with others, to achieve. It is the discovery of something old and great. The pounding of the shells on the Western front excavated an ancient Roman monument, and when they deciphered the inscription they found upon it these words in Latin, "To the discipline of Cæsar." Away before the birth of Jesus, on the outer edges of the empire created by Cæsar's legions, a band of soldiers had erected that monument to the discipline that had conquered and held together a world.

The world needs, also, the old roads of faith. We are compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses who watch over the world for which they lived and died. They know that we will never reach the paradise we seek here, upon the earth, or beyond, in the heavens, except by the path of sacrifice and service, which Margaret Widdemer calls "The Old Road to Paradise." She pictures heaven rejoicing as the world takes the old roads to Paradise.

Ours in a dark Easter-tide and a scarlet spring,
But high up at Heaven's gate all the saints sing
Glad for the great companies, returning to their King!
Oh, in youth, the dawn's a rose, dusk an amethyst,
All the roads from dusk to dawn, gay they wind and twist—
The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed!

But out on the wet battlefields, few the roadways wind, One to grief, one to death, on road that's kind—
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find!
Ours is a sad Easter-tide, and a woeful day,
But high up at Heaven's gate the saints are all gay,
For the old road to Paradise, that's a crowded way.

This is the hour when we need to know, for the world's guidance, the old roads that humanity has never traveled in vain.

But an even deeper need of the world today it its need to hear the voices calling in the untried paths. William Vaughn Moody in a passage of great power and beauty pictures a man catching his second vision of Christ. The first meeting had been years ago, in his youth, by an arch, beneath the Italian olive trees. The second meeting takes place years later in Crete, where Turk and Greek spit scorn and hatred at each other, where the Muezzui crier from Allah's house and French sailors are heard singing in the street. There on the hot shore he sees a leaning figure by a boat, bending in speech above a naked sailor, calking his vessel on the beach, in the full noonday glare.

Sharp rang the sailor's ballet-stroke,
Pounding the tow into the seam;
He paused and mused, and would have spoke,
Lifting great eyes of dream
Unto those eyes which slowly turned—
As once before, even so now—
Till full on mine their passion burned
With, "Yes, and is it thou?"
Then o'er the face about to speak
Again he beamed: the sunburnt hair,
Fallen forward, hid the tawny cheek.

And as, staggered by the vision, he stumbles up the beach, he realizes that while he has loved Christ he has not followed Him, and does not propose to follow Him now. But the thing that haunts him is the knowledge that Christ is finding other followers and that with those that are ready to follow Him into the great Unknown, He is planning even now a divine adventure upon the great water's of the world's life. And the question cames back again and again, haunting him.

But oh, upon what errand, then, Leaned thou at the sailor's ear? Hast thou yet more to say, that men Have heard not, and must hear?

If we want to know what Christ is going to do in this generation, we must watch at those points in humanity's life where men are leaving the old anchorages and harbors for the unknown. When I was at Yale last week, I urged my brethren in the ministry to read Bertrand Russell's last great book, "Proposed Roads to Freedom," in which, instead of condemning outright, without knowledge of them, as so many of our public men are doing, he sifts the three radical programs of the day: Socialism, Anarchism and syndicalism, for all that is true in their vision of the world as it can be. And so I would charge you, that you on your part win from the great fields of modern literature the light that Christ is shedding upon its prophetic spirits. There has just come from the press an anthology of our American poets, entitled "Christ in the Poetry of Today." It is a new biography of Jesus, each chapter of which consists of a poem written by a different author and the whole forming the poetic reaction of our time to the thought of Jesus, what His life means to the world, what He might yet be to the world, if we would but listen to the voice that still rings in our ears. The waiting world may learn from them through you upon what errand Christ leans at the sailor's ear.

The old world is to pass away, burned up, it may be, in the fire of its hot passions; but from its ashes will spring "a new and younger world, full of fresh hope, with the light of morning in its eyes," and we may be its ambassadors and its artisans, if this is indeed the goal of the journey upon which we set out now, mind, heart, and soul.

This is but a faint suggestion of the journey upon which you are starting out. Have I taken you too seriously? Is it not on such a level that you are prepared to travel? Do you say to yourself, "This journey is too great for me!"? If you feel that, you have no career before you; for the journey is too great for thee. But not for Him and thee. No, not for Him and thee together It was an angel that spoke to Elijah. The world into which you go is not familiar with the angels, and seldom hears perfectly clear messages. To some of you it will be given to teach young barbarians, who would far rather hit a home run

in somebody's backyard than see an angel any day. To others it will be given to stand as entertainers before men and women who have paid to hear you read, mean and women, to whom such truth as we acquire comes seldom through the voices of angels: often confused through thunder banks in which there mutter the broken syllables of God. Often in such a journey and on so high and delicate and sublime a mission, the journey will seem too great for thee. Again, I say, it is too great for thee, unless, when it seems too great for you, you can hear the still small voice that once was Jehovah's and now, and for all time is Christ's, speaking the great words that Elijah heard, asking "What doest thou here?" sending you forth ever and again to anoint the King of life, to prepare young Elishas, to be prophets in your stead, and youchsafing to you the vision of the seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Bael, and every mouth that hath not kissed him.

If this great companionship is known to you, if the fellowship of Him who spoke as man never spoke is yours, then the journey is not too great for thee. Our brethren will laugh with you, they will hope, and look up with you, they will learn to trust the Great Source of Life and Vision with you, they will bear their burdens better because of you. Christ comes now to commission you, and all here this day for His great task and we hear Him say, "Arise and eat; that our journey together may not be too great for thee."

# THE ART OF THE SPOKEN WORD By Helen Badgley, '07

In what way does the study of the "Art of the Spoken Word" — (elocution, oratory, expression, interpretation or whatever one prefers to call it)—benefit the student? This is the question asked by those outside the charmed circle where its muse holds sway. Those inside that circle finally come to ask the question: Is there any phrase of life and life's expression which is not the better met and mastered because this study has been perused?

The first requisite and foundation stone is the attainment of a consciously active vitality or life. This means the arousing of interest, the establishment of enthusiasm and creative impulse—a reaching out to others with a desire to serve.

Not only must the student be vitally interested in the expression of that which interests him personally but he must store up wells of enthusiasm and interest—an inexhastible reserve fund upon which he can make constant and extensive demands and which will instantly spring into activity at his command. The effort to overcome self and self-consciousness. The first step toward unselfish service.

Vitality is the corner-stone of the foundation, and once established will lead to the various elements necessary for the super-structure such as observation, imagination and responsiveness, mental recpetivity, etc.

Just as in all the other arts great masters are apt to use humble, crude, eccentric or deplorable subjects, as mediums through which to express truth and beauty, so should the student in this art study such types in order to develop variety and the "human touch" which are present in all true art.

The average amateur before an art sense is developed desires merely to "look pretty," "be personally admired," "make graceful movements," just as an inartistic person likes the pretty face or bunch of flowers on the advertising poster better than a truly great picture, such as Millet's "Angelus" or Landseer's "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner." This superficial attitude of mind is typical of the beginner in any art, science or profession and with right teaching should soon be overcome.

Once the student sees the value of the eccentric or unique, as a medium through which to express his own character, philosophy, experience, etc., he is ready to do original and creative work.

If an uncouth rural type is chosen, imagination, sympathy and observation will lead the student to a minute and detailed analysis of the character and manners of the individual to be portrayed. It will not be enough to know merely what such a character will do but also why the character acts along certain lines. The rural type will be tall or short? Stout or thin? Poor? Ignorant? What was the environment and circumstances which brought the condition about? If the type stands with feet apart, why? If gestures are made with a stiff and vigorous movement of the hand and arm, why? If the voice is harsh and strident, why?

The result of such study must be increased kindness, generosity, humility, comprehension, discrimination—in fact, stronger and better character and more breadth of mind in the student.

Versatility and adaptibility become second nature. The good and the beautiful are immediately sought and found in all people and things. It is impossible to be bored. Attention is paid to all that happens. The simplest people and most ordinary situations give pleasure and furnish food for thought. Life is lived to the full and every minute has its message.

There are other and more practical benefits to be derived from this study which directly affects the student in a social or business way while improving him mentally, morally and physically. The body must be made vigorous and healthy as well as graceful and expressive; the voice flexible and strong; the breathing deep and controlled; the movements free and unified. The standing and walk corrected. The pronunciation, enunciation, articulation and diction are perfected and the vocabulary

enlarged, while the effort to obtain a perfect poise and center results in a high degree of mental concentration and the conservation of physical forces.

The more the speaker knows of the other arts, the greater will be the variety and scope of his own. All the other arts will soon be seen to be closely co-related with it, and in fact, to a certain degree, embodied in it. The form of sculpture; the proportion and perspective of architecture; the color and texture of painting; the tempo and melody of music; the volume and tone of singing; the rhyme and rhythm of poetry; the rhetoric of prose; the logic, reason, analysis, phychology and basic principles of science, logic and mathematics; must all be appreciated and to some degree comprehended mentally and incorporated in the speaker's expression. And the better the literature studied, the greater is the personal development to be gained by the student.

Before dismissing the subject, let us consider for a moment how much more universal is the "talent" for this art than any other—just as its scope is the broadest and its adaptation the most diversified. We can all speak, or if not, make signs, and we all work, even though with some it is merely in having a good time, and what is this work but the effort to serve (self or others) by expressing (if possible in permanent or lasting form) the creative impulse which throbs and burns within us.

To the Critic few seem to have talent because his work is destructive. To the teacher all can be proved to have it because his work is constructive. There is gold in every country but not always in the same proportion, and not always near the surface and easily mined; but gold is gold and once it is mined will pass at par on exchange wherever its possessor may require it. It is the duty of the true teacher to know that no matter how unpromising may seem the surface conditions, the gold is there and can be mined and mined if only he and the student will be patient and persistent.

Unlike all the other arts, this one is unique, in that those who seem to have the least talent for it are the ones who most need to study it; and often it is the most backward and seemingly

handicapped student, the one most diffident and with the least confidence in his own ability who proves most interesting to the teacher, sometimes even coming to do most excellent work eventually.

Emerson says: "The man is only half himself—the other half is his expression." Teachers should develop the potentialities of the individual and make him not only conscious of his powers and resources but teach him to control and command them. To limit the possibilities of any individual or to allow that individual himself to limit them is a crime.

As thou wouldst trust in God Himself." "Trust in thine own untried capacity

Above all, the teacher should inspire the student to work. The watchword for success is, Work. Hard work is not only "better than genius," it is genius. Nothing great in art or science was ever given to the world that was not backed by a far greater percentage of hard work than of "talent," "genius," "heredity" or what not else.

"Some feet will tread all heights yet unattained, Why not thine own? Press on, achieve, achieve!"

-Western Women's Weekly.

#### AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE MANAGEMENT

In the new Emerson College catalogs will be found an insert containing many items of interest to all Emersonians. THE EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE prints those of especial interest to the prospective students and alumni.

The Legislature of Massachusetts at the recommendation of the Massachusetts Board of Education, has empowered the Emerson College of Oratory to confer upon qualified candidates the degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation.

#### An Act

To authorize the Emerson College of Oratory to grant the degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

Section 1. The Emerson College of Oratory may grant the degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation to students properly accredited and recommended by a majority of its trustees: provided, however, that the course of instruction furnished by the corporation shall occupy not less than four years, and that no such degree shall be granted to any person who has not taken said full four years' course, or a course in some other institution of learning and in said Emerson College of Oratory, which a majority of said trustees shall consider the evquivalent of said four years' course.

The above bill becomes operative for the school year of 1919-1920.

# REQUIREMENTS FOR DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LITERARY INTERPRETATION

Fifteen units of credit above the eighth grade, of approved secondary school work are required for admission to college standing. A "unit of credit" represents at least four recitations per week for a school year of not less than thirty-two weeks.

Completion of the full college course of four years embracing the studies of the seven groups (see p. 18) including a minimum of 2,650 hours of class-room work are required of applicants for the degree.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALUMNI

Former graduates of the Emerson College of Oratory will be granted the degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation upon the completion of the foregoing requirements, provided that not less than three courses as a minimum be made up at Emerson College. The remainder may be made up here or in equivalent courses at accredited colleges.

While it is desirable to take four years to complete the prescribed course, a student may by carrying extra class hours during his course, and by availing himself of the Special Spring and Summer Sessions complete the required work in three calendar years.

Beginning with the session of 1919-20, two weeks of instruction will be added to the scholastic year, making two semesters of sixteen weeks each (see calendar, p. 4).

#### EXCHANGE OF COURSES WITH BOSTON UNIVERSITY

An arrangement has just been effected with the School of Education of Boston University by which students in either institution may have the advantage of certain courses in the curriculum of the other. A system of credits is being worked out to enable students of the Boston University School of Education to fulfill the conditions necessary to obtain from Emerson College the degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation, and to enable students matriculating at Emerson College, who pursue a prescribed course of four years in both colleges, to receive from the Boston University the degree of Bachleor of Education.

Complete information concerning this interchange of courses between the two institutions may be obtained September first either from Dean Harry Seymour Ross of Emerson College, or from Dr. Arthur H. Wilde of the School of Education, Boston University, 525 Boylston Street, Boston.

#### College Dormitories

During the summer additional dormitories will be established. It is required that students shall room in the college dormitories unless, by special permission of the officers of the college on request of parents, they are allowed to reside with friends or relatives.

# Course in Production of Children's Plays Open to Senior Class

Includes adaptation of plays, coaching, designing costumes, and study of children's plays. Correlates with Writing of Plays, IV, 13, and Story Telling, I, 8.

#### EVENING CLASSES

The work of the evening classes will be organized October 13th and continued 30 weeks. Two evenings of instruction per week will be offered instead of one as heretofore. The expanded course will provide for an enlarged curriculum and more highly differentiated work in vocal and physical training, gesture, conversation, reading, platform art, practical public speaking, debate, and dramatic training. The courses will be progressive, and credit on the regular course will be given for work accomplished. Students who can give but one evening a week may elect a half course. Business men, teachers, lawyers and students who are unable to attend the day session may pursue courses adapted to their several needs.

#### A SPECIAL CLASS FOR INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF

will be organized November first, to continue 20 weeks. The course will embrace: Scientific voice production, lip reading; and aims to give self reliance and vocational guidance. This course is offered in co-operation with the Reconstruction Work

for the returned deaf soldier to help him overcome as far as possible the handicap imposed by his deafness. This course is also open to students beyond the grammar grades.

(A special leaflet relating to the course will be sent on application after September 15.)

A catalogue of the college will be sent on application to any student or teacher interested in obtaining more complete information as to the courses presented.

#### TO MY MOTHER

I do not build a monument
Of carved white marble for your sake,
That only those who pass may read,
And only those memorial make.

My life must be the monument,
I consecrate in your behalf;
My charity must carve your name,
My gentleness your epitaph.

Above this record I engrave,
No drooping figure there must be;
Straight-shouldered courage, starry-eyed,
Must mark this scroll of destiny.

And may some fragment of your strength By God's great mystery fall on me, That through this monument of mine, May shine your immortality.

# The Poet's Corner

#### ON A HILL NEAR THE SEA

The sun is hot upon the hill
As lazily I lie,
And meditate on good and ill,
And watch the clouds go by.

Or, turning where the warm waves beat Up through the inlet free, Look down and see the fishing fleet Go tacking out to sea.

The little boats on even keel
Sail out into the blue—
Forth with the words there seems to steal
Pathos of life anew;
Such little boats on even keel
Into so great a blue!

O, glittering sea, to all the sails
Be you a friend, I pray,
And keep them from the treacherous gales
On this, my holiday.

So when the marvelous western sky Fades, and the night winds come, The little boats as well as I May wander safely home.

—Caroline Duer.

### TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY-MAN

Time, you old gipsy-man Will you not stay, Put up your caravan Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush,
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy-man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

#### EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY

Once in Persia reigned a king,
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
-Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words, and there are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand Brought him gems from Samarcand; Fleets of galleys through the seas Brough him pearls to match with these, But he counted not his gain Treasures of the mine and main; "What is wealth?" the king would say: "Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasures come, but not to stay:
'Even this shall pass away'."

Fighting on a furious field, Once a javelin pierced his shield, Soldiers, with loud lament, Bore him bleeding to his tent, Groaning from his tortured side, "Pain is hard to bear," he cried, "But with patience, day by day, 'Even this shall pass away'." Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—
'Even this shall pass away'."

Struck with palsy, sere and old, Waiting at the Gates of Gold, Said he with his dying breath, "Life is done, but what is death?" Then, in answer to the king, Fell a sunbeam on his ring, Showing, by a heavenly ray, "Even this shall pass away."

#### RENOUNCEMENT

I must not think of thee; and tired, yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight,
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, Just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden, yet bright.
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee, the whole day long,
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds, I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart!

#### A PRAYER AT PLANTING TIME

Now I shall make my garden
As true men build a shrine,
An humble thing where yet shall spring
The seeds that are divine,
Since each a prayer I sow them there
In reverential line.

O, little is my garden space,
But great the prayer I pray;
With every seed against earth's need
That men may sow today,
My hope is thrown, my faith is sown
To make the harvest gay.

O, gardens spacious, gardens small,
For you my prayer is said:
That God's own hand may touch the land
And give his people bread,
As once before on that far shore
His multitudes were fed.

-Theodosia Garrison.

### IF THIS WERE FAITH

God, if this were enough,
That I see things bare to the buff
And up to the buttocks in mire;
That I ask nor hope nor hire,
Nut in the husk,
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,
Nor life beyond death:
God, if these were faith?

Having felt thy wind in my face
Spit sorrow and disgrace,
Having see thine evil doom
In Golgotha and Khartoum,
And the brutes, the work of thine hands,
Fill with injustice lands
And stain with blood the sea:
If still in my veins the glee
Of the black night and the sun
And lost battle, run:
If, and adept,
The iniquitous lists I shall accept
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good:
God, if there were enough?

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men
To go on forever and fall and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing
not seen with the eyes;
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if there were enough?

<sup>-</sup>Robert Louis Stevenson.

#### WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astroy,
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small To suit my spirit and to prove my powers; Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours. And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall At eventide, to play and love and rest, Because I know for me my work is best.

#### SILENCE

Tho' I should deck you with my jeweled rime,
And spread my songs a carpet at your feet,
Where men may see, unchanged through changing time,
Your face a pattern in sad song and sweet;
Tho' I should blow your honor through the earth,
Or touch your gentleness on gentle strings,
Or sing abroad your beauty and your worth—
Dear love, yet these were all imperfect things.

Rather in lovely silence will I keep

The heart's short song no words of mine may mar,
No words of mine enrich. The ways of sleep,
And pain, and prayer; all things that lonely are;
All humble thing that worship and rejoice
Shall weave a spell of silence for my voice.

# The Emerson College Magazine

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON, MASS.

#### EDITORIAL STAFF

BEULAH K. FOLMSBEI	E			. Editor-in-Chief
MILLIS L. CAVERLY				. Associate Editor
ETHEL M. BERNER				Business Manager

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Vol. XXVII. May, 1919. No. 7.

Thruout the College year, the editors have striven to give to all our subscribers interesting bits of news as well as good material for those who are engaged in the teaching profession and we desire to express our gratitude for the splendid support given us. Next year, we desire to bring our alumni into closer touch thru the alumni department of the magazine. Will you help us by sending news of yourself and your classmates? In the Emerson College catalog as well as in this magazine will be found subscription blanks for the year 1919-20. Please fill them out early in the summer and send them to the college so that your name may be retained upon our list. This has indeed been an eventful year for Emerson, and it is a joy to share our satisfaction with you thru the pages of the magazine. The editor wishes a very pleasant summer to all Emersonians.

The "Zeta Corner" of the Emerson College Library is rapidly growing into a fine collection of books on the drama. During the past year the following books have been added, and Alpha Chapter notes with pleasure the large amount of reference work for which these books have been of service to students in the Dramatic department.

Belasco, Life of, 2 vols.; European Theories of the Drama; Maeterlinck, "The Betrothal," "The Burgomaster"; Pinero, Plays, Vol. II; Tchekoff, Plays, 2 vols.; Withington, Pageants; Representative English Dramas; Baker, Dramatic Technique.



During the week of May eighth, Miss Penick read at Colby College in New Hampshire. Miss Penick will do Chatauqua work this summer.

President Southwick left on Wednesday, May seventh, for his annual professional tour, giving programs in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

We regret to announce the serious illness of Mrs. Puffer.

Mrs. Willard will leave in the early part of June to resume her duties at the Sargent Camp, Petersboro, N. H.

Word was received, just as the magazine was ready for press, of the death of Mrs. Emerson. Mrs. Emerson had been unwell for some time, but her death came as a shock to many who did not know of her illness. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at her home in Millis, and interment made in the old cemetery at Millis.

It has been announced by the *Boston Traveller* that a three thousand dollar bequest was made by Mrs. Emerson to provide a scholarship fund for the college.



#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Trustees of Emerson College Endowment Association wish to acknowledge receipt of a fifty dollar Liberty Bond, presented on June 9, 1919, by the members of the Gamma Chapter of Kappa Gamma Chi sorority. The girls of this sorority have from year to year manifested their love and loyalty to their Alma Mater and have given tangible evidence of their spirit of generosity. We heartly thank the sorority, not only in behalf of the Endowment Association, but also in the name of the student body and of the alumni of the college, for this contribution toward a permanent home.

(Signed) CHARLES W. KIDDER, Treasurer.



#### STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

The Emerson College Students Association has elected the following board for the Emerson College Magazine for next year:

Editor-in-Chief, Millis L. Caverly; Associate Editor, Geraldine McGaughan; Business Manager, Ethel Bernn.

#### CANADIAN CLUB NOTES

Officers for 1918-1919

President, Vera Blandford

Secretary-Treasurer, Pearl Atkinson
Publicity Agent Marguerite Porter

The students and faculty of the Emerson Canadian Club entertained the student body on November 16, 1918, at a tea held in Huntington Chambers Hall.

The hall was artistically decorated with flags and ferns, and with its divans, tables and chairs, made a complete cosy corner.

Mrs. Atkinson, assisted by Mrs. Saunders, presided at the tea. Canadian representatives of Radcliffe, Boston University, Boston Arts, and Simmons served the guests; during the tea a program was given by members of the faculty and students.

### Program

- 1. Welcome Speech . . . . . . President
- 2. Reply from Canadian Club, Boston . . Miss Fayles
- 3. The Maple Leaf . . . Canadian Club, Boston

4.	Readings from	1							
	Oxingham,	Buoke,	Ser	vice	٠			Mrs.	Black
5.	Interpretative	Dance		Miss	Ridde	ell and	Miss	s Blan	ndford
6.	Violin Solo						Mis	ss Sa	unders
7.	O Canada .					Canad	ian (	Club (	Chorus
		God	1 8:	eve th	e Kin	O'			

#### DEBATING CLUB NOTES

On January 20, the Debating Club of Emerson College held a debate and a mock wedding which were successfully carried out, much to the delight of the club's members and friends. The participants in the ceremony were: Miss Pettijohn, bride; Miss Hathaway, groom; Miss Levy, best man; Miss Hubbard, minister.

Six club members presented another fine debate on March 20. Resolved: "That Labor Unions are a Hindrance to the Industrial Progress of the United States." Affirmative, Miss Hubbard, Miss Lefevre, Miss Stokes. Negative, Miss Levy, Miss Caswell, Miss Kenney.

The debate was won by the affirmative. Miss Catherine Perry was critic, and President Southwick, who was the guest of the club, also acted as one of the judges.

The club's third debate was held on April 4th.

Resolved: "That Militant Suffrage is a Benefit to the Social and Industrial Progress of Women." Affirmative, Miss Cohen, Miss Hathaway, Miss Knowles. Negative, Miss Baker, Miss Lemon, Miss Clements. The debate was won by the affirmative.

## Commencement Exercises

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1919

Address . . . . . Austen K. de Blois, Ph.D.

Presentation of Diplomas

President Henry Lawrence Southwick

#### PROFESSIONAL AND TEACHERS DIPLOMA

Mildred Christine Ahlstrom Hilda Loersch Helen Winifred Lynch Carolyn Helen Aurand Vera Helene Blandford Mary Josephine Mahon Callie M. Callaway Sarah May McKenna Florence Edith Cutting Madeline McNamara Helen Britania Darrow Blanche Marion Okman Ethel May Duncan Susan Phillips Beulah K. Folmsbee Grace L. Pitman Sylvia Purrington Folsom Louise Helene Powers Mina Augusta Harrison Frances Russey Helen Sayles Imogene M. Hogle Oahlee Genevieve Hubbard Marjorie Keith Stackhouse Lucile Marie Husting Helen Fry Staples Ruth Marie Stokes Zilpha Josephine Johnson Olive Church LeFevre Beatrice Smith Talmas Dorothy Emmitt Levy Mabelle Jeanette Thresher Lillian Margaret Lewis Ssther Bellinger Van Alstyne Sara Eloise Lewis Carolyn Vance

# GRADUATION RECITAL Monday, May Fifth

v / ···································
I.
The Maid of France
Carolyn Helen Aurand
II.
Honeymooning Without a Husband Mary Newton Stannard
Sarah May McKenna
III.
A Bit o' Love
Mildred Ahlstrom
IV.
Sally Ann's Experience Eliza Calvert Hall
Mabelle Thresher
V.
The Fourteenth of July Romain Rolland
Madeline McNamara

### COMMENCEMENT PLAY

## Jordan Hall, Monday Evening May Fifth

## "FRIEND HANNAH"

#### BY PAUL KESTER

#### Characters

George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Third
Helen Lynch
Edward, Duke of York, his brother Lucille Husting
Earl of Bute Helen Sayles
Duke of Chandos Elaine Rich
Thomas Lightfoot, Hannah's uncle Olive LeFevre
Isaac Axford, Hannah's cousin Hilda Loersch
Robert Clegg Blanche Oakman
Augusta, Princess Dowager of Wales Sylvia Folsom
Margaret Lightfoot, Hannah's mother Mina Harrison

Betty Trott, maid-of-all-work . . . Frances Russey Hannah Lightfoot . . . . . Beatrice Talmas

#### Scenes:

Act I. The Garden of Margaret Lightfoot, 1760.

Act II. The Parlor behind Thomas Lightfoot's Shop.

Act III. The Parlor of Hannah's House at Hampton.

Act IV. The Garden, 1810.

#### PHYSICAL CULTURE DRILL

ENTRANCE MARCH

EMERSON EXERCISES

TEMPLE DRILL

#### Sarah Lewis, Leader

Mildred Ahlstrom
Helen Aurand
Vera Blandford
Callie Callaway
Beulah Folmsbee
Dorothy Levy
Esther Van Alstyne
Madeline McNamara
Bara Mae McKenna
Blanche Oakman
Ethel Duncan
Mabelle Thresher
Lillian Lewis
Helen F. Staples

#### DEBATE

RESOLVED: That all able-bodied male citizens of the United States between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two should have at least one year of compulsory military training.

Affirmative: Negative:

Carolyn Vance Florence Cutting
Oahlee Hubbard Ruth Stokes

Presiding Officer: Imogene Hogle

Time-Keeper: Hilda Loersch

#### PANTOMIME

#### "THE MOON FAIRY"

#### BY MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

#### Characters

The Moon Fairy .				. Imogene Hogle
The Wood Sprite				Esther Van Alstyne
The Water Sprite.				. Susan Phillips
The Astrologer .				. Josephine Johnson
Shepherds Misse	s Stack	house,	Blandf	ord, Callaway, Folsom
Shepherdesses	Misses	Lillan	Lewis,	Pitman, Sarah Lewis,
	Da	rrow		

Moths and Stars Misses Mahon, McKenna, Levy, Aurand

Scene: A Grove Near the Sea.

Dances arranged by Miss Elsie Rutherford Riddell Music from Beethoven, arranged by Miss Marion F. Hurley

Pianist: Miss Marion F. Hurley

#### ARGUMENT

In a grove by the sea a young Shepherd sleeps and dreams of the Moon Fairy, who has kissed him while he slept. The Wood Sprite leaps, and plays upon his pipes. The Shepherd awakens and discovers a crescent dropped by the Moon Fairy.

The Astrologer enters and warns the Shepherd against the influence of the immortals. A group of Shepherds enters, and with the Astrologer studies the heavens, watching for the appearance of a comet.

Seeing the lonely mood of the young Shepherd, the others decide to cheer him with a dance. The Astrologer casts the young Shepherd's horoscope, prophesying that he will meet his doom through the influence of the Moon Fairy.

Presently the comet is seen, and, to the consternation of all, it seems to be falling to the earth. In terror they flee. The young Shepherd believes it is the Moon Fairy, and pretends to sleep. The Moon Fairy, whom they have mistaken for the comet, appears in the grove. She has left the moon to visit the

world of mortals. Moon Moths followed her flight and dance about her. As the Moths dance out, the Wood Sprite sees the Moon Fairy bend over and kiss the Shepherd. He attempts to catch her, but she escapes, leaving her robe on a bush behind her.

The Shepherd attempts to take it from the bush, buts magic light blinds him. The Astrologer returns and the Shepherd tells him of the Fairy, showing him the robe. Again its magic light protects it. The Astrologer recalls the other Shepherds. Each one tries to remove the robe, but it is proof against mortal touch. All decide to go in search of the Moon Fairy. The Wood Sprite, who is enamored of the Fairy, knows that she will become mortal within the hour without her robe. He calls to the Water Sprite, who loves the Shepherd, and together they plot against the Moon Fairy.

The Water Sprite dances in the starlight and steals the robe, bearing it off to her coral reef. The Moon Fairy returns, and is in despair over the loss of her robe. The Wood Sprite makes love to her. She scorns him. Water Sprite rises again from the deep. The Moon Fairy pleads with her, but the Water Sprite refuses to return the robe unless the Fairy will give herself to the Wood Sprite.

The young Shepherd returns and pleads to go for the robe. The Fairy teaches him a dance of the immortals. Shepherds and Shepherdesses return and are presented to the Moon Fairy. They warn the Shepherd not to venture for the robe. But Water Sprite lures him over the brink. The Moon Fairy tremulously waits for the shadow on the dial that shall doom her to become a mortal. The Moon Moths return. When they find that the Fairy cannot leave the earth, they drop and die.

# GRADUATION RECITAL Wednesday, May Seventh

- 1. The Betrothal . . . . . . . . . . . . Maeterlinck Helen Fry Staples
- 2. It Pays to Advertise . . . .  $Megrue\ and\ Hackett$  Dorothy Emmitt Levy

3.	French Canadian Dialect Poems  William Henry Drummond
	(a) De Nice Leetle Canadien
	(b) Leetle Bateese
	(c) De Bell of St. Michael
	(d) De Wreck o' de Julie Plante
	Vera Helen Blandford
4.	Tom Sawyer Lionized Mark Twain
	Ethel May Duncan
5.	The Tragedy of Nan Masefield
	Beulah Folmsbee
	SOPHOMORE
	SOPHOMORE RECITAL
	MARCH 25, 1919
1.	Brutus and Cassius (Scene 10) Shakespeare
	George La Barre
2.	The Star Spangled Banner Andrews
	Dorothy Green
3.	My Financial Career Stephen Leacock
	Ruth Clements
4.	The Bracelet Sutro
	Kathryn Capron
<b>5</b> .	The Rivals Sheridan
	Eunice Vining
6.	The state of the s
	Helena Collins
	SOPHOMORE RECITAL
	APRIL 1, 1919
1	Within the Law Bayard Veiller
	Mary Borax
2.	v
	Huey Geiger
3.	v
	Ardis Hackman

### SOPHOMORE RECITAL

## **APRIL 16, 1919**

1.	One Good Time Mary Wilkins Freeman
	Lora F. Stoddard
2.	How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed His Fence . Mark Twain
	Rebecca Berkowitz
3.	Mr. Antonio. Act I Booth Tarkington
4.	The Melting Pot. Scene from I Israel Zangwel  Mrs. Ella Wallace
5.	The Mysterious Portrait George Jappy
	Grace W. Sickles
6.	The Play's the Thing George Madden Martin
	Geraldine McGaughan
7.	A Court Comedy Marjorie Benton Cook
	Ingeborg Fromen
	SOPHOMORE RECITAL
	April 23, 1919
1.	Daddy Long Legs Jean Webster
	Jessie Southwick
2.	Just Like Other Folks Charles Summer Haight
	Marion Rachliffe
3.	
	Ruth Baird
4.	Billie and the Major
	Louise Ballou
5.	Lover of Music
	Jennie Williams
6.	The Last Step
	Mildred Oakes

## SOPHOMORE RECITAL

APRIL 8, 1919

1.	He Who Hesitates	Ethel			•	•	Paul West
2.	Rosa	Rose Ga			•	•	. Anon
3.	The Little Rebel	 Marion	Thom		•	•	. Peple
4.	A Change of Air	 Elvira			•	•	Van Dyke
5.	The Rechristening	of Phoebo Naomi		t .	•	•	Schoville

# SOPHOMORE STUNT APRIL 24, 1919

#### L-BABES IN THE WOODS

BY HUEY GEIGER

Argument: Fashioned after the old fairy tale-the cruel uncle, being made guardian of his orphaned niece and nephew, plots to kill them to gain their estates and title. He hires two ruffians and they meetin the Heart of the Woods to plan the deed, and here the uncle pays the gold. In this Heart of the Woods the little fairies of Good Deeds hold sway. They have in their possession a magic powder which has the power to soften the heart of man. After the uncle leaves, and the first ruffian goes to fetch the children, the little Queen of the fairies dances softly out and sprinkles the magic powder over the second ruffian. The powder begins to take effect and he regrets bitterly the cruel deed he has agreed to do, and in disgust throws the money from him. The children, who have run away from the first ruffian, come dancing upon the scene and discover the "man who is sorry." They try to cheer him with a little folk dance. The three become very friendly and in the midst of a fascinating story are interrupted by the first ruffian who is very angry with the children. The two ruffians argue and finally engage in deadly struggle in which the second ruffian is forced to kill the first. Horror of his deed overcomes him and he rushes wildly from the scene, forgetting the children, who are cared for by the good fairies.

#### Cast

The Little Girl	•					Marion Hawthor	ne
The Little Boy						. Frances Colli	ns
The Uncle .					•	. Margaret H	all
First Ruffian						Miss Ick	ler
Second Ruffian			. ′		•	Ethel Ke	lly
Fairies .		"Billy	" S	proul	, Rut	h Celements, Gretch	en
				D	illonl	oeck, Katheryn Capr	on

#### II.—EGYTIAN BURLESQUE

#### JESSIE SOUTHWICK

Argument: This was the day when Junkrah was to choose a wife. His choice had simmered down to two very famous and beautiful dancers who were to appear before him on this great day. Jerresha, the beautiful imported Arabian dancer, was the first to appear on the scene. Her dancing so captivated the heart of Junkrah that he almost decided to marry her, but just then Salome, a native Egyptian dancer arrives. Her beauty is so startling and her movements so perfect that at the end of her performance the two dancers become deadly rivals for the king's favor. They both dance their best, but fianlly Salome wins the heart of Junkrah and he summons his High Priest Scheetzales to perform the sacred ceremony.

#### Cast

Junkrah							. Helen Junk
Salome .							Solweig Winslow
Jerresha .							Jessie Southwick
Scheetzale							Margaret Scheets
Assistant to	P	riest	•				Rebecca Berkowitz
Haremites				Ardi	s Ha	ckma	n, Ida Minnewitch
Nubian Slav	ves				Mrs.	Wall	lace, Miss Williams

#### III.—ERIN HEARTS

#### BY MARGUERITE HALL AND MARION HAWTHORNE

Argument: Come back with us, if you will, to the old Ireland, when on St. Patrick's Day the warm blood of this highly-emotional people is stirred to laughter, gaiety, and dance in pride of country symbolized in the wearing of the green.

But there is, in the North of Ireland, bitter hatred between the

Irishmen who wear the green and those who wear the orange, representing religious factions.

On St. Patrick's Day the mere trailing of his coat on the ground by one of either faction with a challenge: "Will ye tread on the tail o' me coat?" or "Will ye knock the chip off me shoulder?" is enough to start a furious fight with fists or blackhorn shillalahs.

In a little peasant cottage we find Nora, her family and friends celebrating the wearing of the shamrock.

Pat is Nora's lover, favored by mother and father, but Nora loves Donald, an Orangeman, who breaks into the cottage when the celebrations are at the highest and envy and political feeling combined is the cause of a tragedy.

"Her life was like the summer rose
That opens to the summer sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground to die."

#### Cast

Nora Wilnetta Sproul
Pat Ethel Kelley
Donald (Orange Man) Frances McCabe
Father Miss Ickler
Mother Huey Geiger
Little Brother Ruth Clements
Little Sister Frances Collins
Neightbors Kathryn Capron, Elvira Dean
Soldiers Marion Kenney, Anna Brown

#### SOPHOMORE NOTES

Helen Gad recently read at the Boston Home for Aged Men. Naomi Hewitt plans to give a program of readings and 'cello solos in Methuen this month.

During the month Elizabeth Stuart presented an O. Henry program at the Y. M. C. A. Canteen.

On May 21, Ethel Kelley took the part of "Topsy" in a presentation of "The Virginians" in Stoughton.

#### FRESHMAN

On May 1, Lucille Page and Alice Lemon read to the soldiers at the Marine Hospital in Chelsea.

The Freshman Class has elected the following officers for next year: President, Mildred Reade; Vice-President, Edna Lewis; Secretary, Dorothy Richards; Treasurer, Elinor Flower.

Eileen O'Brien is to take part in a play to be given at the Peabody Settlement House on May 10th.

Lucille Page read at the United Presbyterian Church on April 24th.

#### SORORITIES

#### KAPPA GAMMA CHI

Kappa Gamma Chi welcomes the following girls as pledges: Eileen O'Brien, Lucille Page, Venus Ochee, Alice Lemon, June Clemens, Anne Brown, and Mary West.

Mrs. William H. Kenney was a guest at the Chapter House, Sunday, May fourth.

Ethel Duncan and Ethel Burner have accepted positions with the Swarthmore Chautauqua for the summer.

Alla Martin, '12, of Illinois, and May Elliott, '18, of Kentucky, have returned for Commencement.

An informal tea was held on the afternoon of May fourth.

Ethel Duncan is entertaining her mother during Commencement week.

Lucile Husting will spend the summer months touring New York and the New England states with the Redpath Chautauqua Company, playing in "It Pays to Advertise."

Miss Husting was presented in a very successful reading recital in Fargo, North Dakota on June first.

An outdoor picnic and hike was enjoyed by the Chapter and friends on May eighth.

#### ZETA PHI ETA

Zeta Phi Eta takes pleasure in announcing the following pledges: Marguerite Hall, Mary Lang, Kathleen Pate, Louise Ballou, Edythe Blewitt, Marion Rackliffe, Huey Geiger, Margaret Scheetz, Marion Kenney, Bernice Caswell, Elvira Dean, Beryl Van Natta, Elizabeth Stewart, Edna Seivers.

On the afternoon of April ninth we entertained with a theatre party followed by a tea at the Georgian. Miss McQueston was the guest of honor.

During the month Sylvia Folsom has read for the Students' Y. W. C. A. and at the Sailors' Haven. She has also presented an evening program for the Bridgewater Literary Society.

Mildred Ahlstrom recently coached a play, "The Goose Herd and the Goblin" at the South End Settlement House. On April sixth she read for the Eastern Star at the Masonic Hall in Roxbury.

Frances Schulze gave for the Emerson Alumni an interpretation of "The Hour Glass," by Yeats.

Alpha Chapter of Zeta Phi Eta gave its annual banquet at the Chapter House on the evening of April twelfth. Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Willard of the faculty members were present.

We have recently had the pleasure of entertaining Katherine Green, '18, and Winifred Bent and Helen Symonds of the alumni.

#### PHI MU GAMMA NOTES

Phi Mu Gamma is happy in welcoming the following pledges: Ardis Hackman, Casey Bentley, Vera De Hart, Ruth Baird, Christine West, Dorothy Richards and Irene Thomas.

Imogene Hogle is to conduct a course in Producing Children's Plays in the Emerson Spring Extension Course. She is also to have classes as head of this new department in the college during the coming year and will continue as director of the Children's Theatre.

Helen Gad gave several readings recently at the Boston Home

for Aged Men. Helen has also taken up her work again at the Francis Willard Settlement House.

Madeline and Evelyn McNamara and Sara Lewis went to Camp Devens recently to see some of the boys discharged.

Kathryn Capron is spending the week-end at Wellesley College with a friend and is incidentally doing some entertaining.

Madeline MacNamara is coaching an operetta, "The Japanese Girl," to be presented by the League for Community Service at Jordan Hall, May eleventh.

Hilda Loersch is to spend the month of May at the Bennet School, Millbrook, New York, where she will study with Edith Winn Mathieson. Hilda has a position teaching in the dramatic department of the Bennet School during the coming year.

Phi Mu Gamma will be happy in having as guests at the Chapter House during Commencement week members of Madeline MacNamara's family, two of Marjorie Stackhouse's sisters, and a sister of Sara Lewis.

Madeline MacNamara will be at the summer camp, Southfield, New York, for the summer in connection with the Kennedy Settlement House of New York City. Mary Griffin, Class of '18, is head councillor at the camp.

Phi Mu Gamma extends best wishes for a happy summer to all Emersonians.

EMERSON COLLEGE MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS.

GENTLEMEN:-

of ONE DOLLAR (\$1) to cover the amount of my subscription to The Emerson College Magazine for the seven monthly issues comprising the season of 1919-20.

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Address.																	



#### ALUMNI NOTES

- '97. Walter B. Swift has just returned to Boston from Cleveland, where he has spent about a year installing and supervising Speech Correction in the Cleveland public schools. This Cleveland Speech Plant is one of the finest organizations in the country. Having completed this work at Cleveland, the speech movement now passes to the West and South. Dr. Swift will give informal courses in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Athens, Ohio, during the summer.
- '03. Louise Anderson Patten is teaching voice and interpretation in the Department of Public Speaking at the University of California, and at the same time completing her course toward a bachelor's degree in the College of Letters and Science.
- '09. Mildred P. Forbes, who is a member of the Norfolk School of Religious Education, is teaching in the Northfield Summer School of Religious Education during the summer months.
- '13. Mrs. John E. Gorman announces the marriage of her daughter, Bertha F. Gorman, to Mr. Milton Roe Sabin, on June seventeenth.
- '13. Neva Ferne Walter writes as follows:

"An odd chain of circumstances has transferred me from New York to Columbus, Ohio. I am here as a private secretary and dramatic coach combined. The position is most congenial, and I am learning to be business-like and also to like business. We are putting on a wonderful Exposition at the Fair Grounds here in June and July. It is creative work! There is to be an immense pageant, beside plays for each of the eight buildings."

- '14. May Davis Moore recently presented the following triple bill with much success at the Mayor Temple of Music, San Antonio, Texas: The Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet"; "Op-o'-Me-Thumb" and a fantasy taken from "The Yellow Jacket."
- '14. Ellen Sullivan, who has been teaching in Edinboro, Pennsylvania, is expecting to go to Turkey to do relief work.
- '15. A daughter, Lillian Conant Landon, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Hoyt Landon, nee Alice M. Conant, on April fifth.
- '15. Theodar Sprague Purrington has a splendid position as Editor and program Maker with the Community Motion Picture Bureau of New York.
- '17. Ethel H. Baker is filling the position of Prefectress of Westbrook Seminary, Winterport, Maine, in a most successful manner.
- '18. Ruth Levin has had a very successful year teaching in West Rutland, Vermont, and will return next year. She recently presented a Kipling program at a meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association.
- '18. Grace Zeiwekh has been teaching Expression and Physical Training in the High Schools of Tama, Iowa. She has also supervised the reading in the graded schools there.

